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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Business of Nature Writing

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

THIS Nature writing is a curious business. Judged by scientists, it has sometimes been accused of amounting to no more than science diluted, uncreative, retold, the picking of great brains. One might fear that it would correspond to some sort of corruption of great music—as if one should first cut, let us say, the César Franck D Minor symphony, then partially de-orchestrate it so as to bring out the sheer melody, then arrange it for popular instruments like the saxophone, clarinet, and snare drum, syncopate it, put words to the tunes, and thus get it going on everyone's lips. Thereby leaving it an open question whether it would not be better that great music should remain uncomprehensible and inaccessible to the many, but still great and pure for musicians.

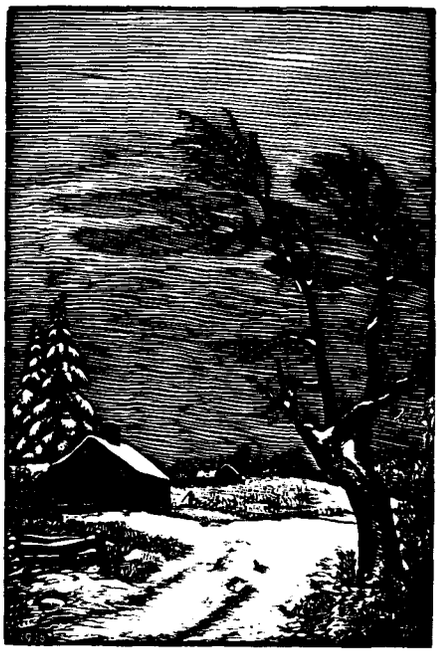
If the popularization of science always fitted this comparison, it might well be a worse than useless endeavor. At its worst it has been exactly that, I fear. At its worst it is guilty not merely of certain slips of fact (a fault as serious as the slip is large or small, yet not intentional treachery to science), but some popularizations have committed the high crime of deliberate misinterpretation. Scientists are justified if they do not forgive a writer who sets out knowingly to distort their meanings for effect. They have reason to be grateful to the expert journalists, such as George W. Gray and Waldemar Kaempffert, who faithfully translate their technicalities into the language of Everyman. Still more to the rare few, like Thoreau and Maeterlinck, who give to accurate reporting the luminosity of poetry.

For poetry and scientific writing aim at the same goal. The winged word, which is the poetic word, gets there fastest. Unfortunately, for many at the moment, the language of poetry connotes a vague and high-flown mysticism. This is due to the afterglow of nineteenth century romanticism. No such fear of the poetic existed to trouble the minds of Virgil's readers, when he wrote of animal husbandry and the harvesting of crops. Aristotle employed the power of poetry in his cosmology, and was not accused of weakness of mind. Lucretius showed no fuzzy thinking when he popularized the atomic theory of his master, Epicurus.

Less scientist or poet than reporter is the writer in the field. He takes us with him, through the gate he holds ajar, into living Nature. There he learns from the event even as he teaches—how to follow through on an unknown bird, how to listen, how to memorize its song, to note its habits, to find its nest. If he knows too much, he's no friend of ours. We prefer sometimes to see him stumped; we don't mind if he scratches his poll in public. Better that than a fellow in an out-size wig, handing down decisions.

We want no professors, either, to lecture at us out of doors, and the writing naturalist may not so much instruct as kindle enthusiasm. For this, his own enthusiasm is boundless. He wants no less than to get everybody thinking his way (modest ambition!) To pipe even the asphalt slaves out of the streets, over the Weser and into the hill.

So far as I can think, such was done for the first time in English literature by an ironmonger—a hardware retailer, as we would say now—with a shop in Fleet Street. He was a quiet body, a man who had given great stakes in life, and lost them—a wife and seven children. He was pious, too; he went every Sunday to St. Dunstan's to hear Dr. John Donne preach. He was a friend of Ben Jonson's, and a minor poet in his own right. But as a Nature writer he was our first, and comes dangerously near to being the best. In proof of the inimitable stamp of his genius, I have only to quote one line of his to have him recognized, as the only possible author of it: "I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do."



Woodcut by J. J. Lankes, from "Saltwater Farm."

Walton, like a south wind in March, unlocked all the brooks for us. He is the ouzel among writers, never found far from his stone-flies and chubs. If, in his discourse, he has to go overland, he is like the eel who will cross land, slipping through the dew film to keep his skin wet, until he comes to the next pond. And it has been said of him that he has won to his way of thinking countless thousands who have never put a worm on a hook, much less that frog, for bait, of which he urges us to "use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer."

The English language was to wait more than a century for another Nature writer of his calibre. When he came, it was in the age of Danton and George Washington, yet no bruit of arms disturbs his tranquil pages. He lived in the times of Linnaeus but was little of a systematist, in the day of Buffon who was undertaking a Natural History of Everything, yet our author never wrote anything but a sheaf of letters to two other gentlemen almost as retired as he, and his subject was the natural history of one sleepy Hampshire parish.

The bird census, now so widely promulgated by the Audubon Society, was the invention of Gilbert White; he was the original exponent, as far as I know, of the close seasonal observation of Na-

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THIS WEEK

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ture, a branch of science known to the pedantic as phenology. He was the first to perceive the value in the study of migration (then a disputed fact) and of banding or ringing birds, though it was Audubon who first performed the experiment. No professional ornithologist ever did so much to widen interest in birds; from White's pages they cock a friendly eye at us, and hop out of his leaves right over our thresholds. Since the appearance of "The Natural History of Selborne" in 1789 there has been a fresh edition of this classic on an average of every two years, so that not only is White to be considered as a pioneer but as a continuing influence. For he was—he is—above all things the prince of amateur naturalists. And natural science still has room for the amateur. White lends him his countenance; he shows him what he can do, even at home; he raises a hope—so admirably fulfilled by other amateurs like Darwin and Fabre—that one might become a Humboldt of discovery by traveling around his own gate.

It points the rising significance of the Nature writer to observe that though there was only one great one writing in English in the seventeenth century, and one in the eighteenth, this curious sort of bird began in the nineteenth to flock and sing in a chorus. Note too that those who contributed most to this realm of English literature were either born in the New World—Audubon in Haiti, Hudson (whose father was from Maine) in Argentina, Thoreau in Concord, Burroughs in the Catskills, and Hornaday in the same state as Riley who was the best of our Nature poets—or they did their great work in the Western hemisphere, Alexander Wilson and John Muir (Scotsmen by birth) in the United States, Humboldt in Brazil, Thomas Belt in Nicaragua. For the nineteenth century was the heroic age of natural history and of the exploration and discovery of Nature in the Americas. And while other men were founding their fortunes on the exploitation of natural resources in the New World, the Nature writers were recording and defending the primeval treasure.

Like the poets of the nineteenth century and even its scientists, Darwin, Bates, Wallace, Haeckel, its Nature writers were romantics and, essentially, moralists. Sometimes mystics. Their romanticism found its extreme expression in Thoreau's withdrawal into the woods—a style he all but imposed upon his followers, so that Burroughs left his wife to do it, and occupied one eremitic cabin after another where, since he lacked the man of Walden's vestal inhospitality, he sociably entertained a string of visitors. The mysticism of the Victorian Nature writers comes out in an unforgettable passage of Thoreau's, in which he prefers astrology to astronomy which, he considers, does less to reveal the secrets of Nature, and not so much for human kind. It reaches absurdity in Bronson Alcott's refusal to eat any but "aspiring" vegetables; earth-bound tubers, he felt, exerted the wrong influence.

In Emerson is expressed the moral tone of these men and this era. It is a manly tone; for him the value of Nature is as a bracer to ourselves, toward naturalness, self-help, sincerity, and a well-grounded optimism. How Thoreau wielded the bright axe of this morality is too familiar for discussion. In Muir, it took the practical form of a burning indignation against the despoiling of western Nature, which resulted in the establishment of Yosemite and Sequoia National Parks. Hornaday turned his blade-like pen to the defense of vanishing wild life. Burroughs in America, Hudson in England, took up the cause of the birds.

I hope I have made clear my feeling that at its best the morality of the Victorian naturalists was all for the good. That the romanticism of those Nature writers was not only understandable in the light of their times, but in itself a precious contribution. There is something even in mysticism—when the mind which entertains it is of a great enough simplicity. If I acknowledge all this, may I then be permitted to say that the whole romantic pattern for the life, thought, and style of a Nature writer is not binding upon a man of the twentieth century? That a new attitude toward Nature must be allowed to grow, to meet new hungers and new truths?

The most reliable witness we can get upon the stand is science. So far as Nature is concerned, at any rate, science sees where all was darkness before; it is the new ray; it opens a new dimension and, with telescope, microscope, and crucible, it performs the modern miracles. Allowing for the human fallibility of the scientists themselves, science is the proving of truth. It is a new belief. Almost every one

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Philosophy in Balance

TOWARD A PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY. By José Ortega y Gasset. New York: W. W. Norton. 1941. 273 *pp.* $2.75.

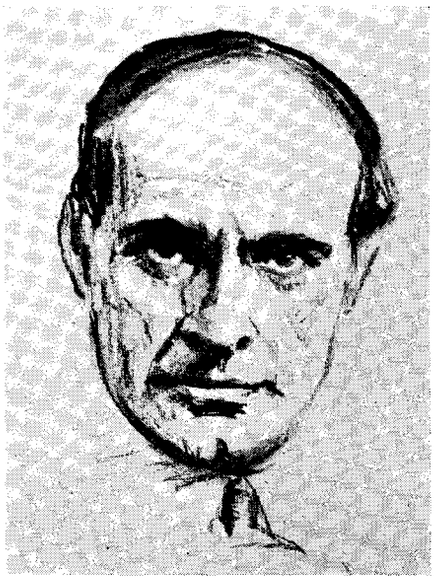
Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THESE essays represent a gleaning from some of Señor Ortega's more recent writings. Though composed against the tragic background of recent Spanish history, and in spite of exile and serious illness, they bear no trace of self-pity and self-righteousness (which are often forms of the same thing.) Though concerned with the fate of our civilization, they have nothing in common with the yammering prophecies of doom, the neurotic jeremiads so many of our incurable illusionists are tossing off to quiet the nerves they call their consciences. It would be unfair to Señor Ortega to accuse him of so Eleatic—and un-Spanish—a virtue as serenity: but balance, moderation, controlled imagination, all qualities rare among contemporary philosophers of history, he displays throughout these essays.

In content, at first sight the volume looks like a collection of incidental writings. "The Sportive Origin of the State," a rather earlier essay, advances the suggestion that the co-operative process out of which came the state was not begun by men seeking wealth, or security, or any other utilitarian aim, but by young men, athletes, banded together to win fame, loot, and women. "The Unity and Diversity of Europe" insists that the notion of the balance of power in Europe was no mere politician's shibboleth, but the living necessity by which the endlessly varied, experimental, "liberal" civilization of that continent was made possible. "Man the Technician" traces briefly, and with certain excursions into philosophy—specifically, ontology—further clarified in the next essay, the ways in which technology and the physical sciences have made men masters of material things. "History as a System," the most important of the essays, argues that what we call "scientific method" cannot be applied successfully to the study of man; that the "idealistic" philosophical reaction to "materialistic" science is equally ineffective in the study of man, since its concept of "spirit" is a disguised naturalism, static and purely intellectualised; and finally that man is only what has happened to him, that history is the only possible ontology. The last essay "The Argentine and the Argentinian State" contains Señor Ortega's philosophical responses to the new environment in which he has found a refuge. *Mutatis mutandis* (and that means a lot of changes), he sounds delightfully like a nineteenth-century Englishman lecturing in nineteenth-century New York.

As a matter of fact, these essays are more closely integrated than they seem to be in a brief report. To their varied factual stuff Señor Ortega brings a firm and well-formed mind, made up but not closed, and already familiar to us from his "The Revolt of the Masses." It is to be hoped that in his South American haven he will be able to carry to completion the more systematic works he has already begun. In the meantime, "Toward a Philosophy of History" is a first fruit worth having. The metaphor is, however, misleading; there is a great deal of highly concentrated nourishment and very little water in this fruit.

Señor Ortega's philosophy is too subtle and many-sided to be fairly analyzed in a concluding paragraph. Briefly, he would seem to share with Whitehead, Bergson, and many other moderns a distrust of the intellectualist traditions of Western philosophy, which he here traces back to the Eleatics. He also distrusts natural science, but only when it goes beyond what he thinks its necessary limits, that is, study of "nature." For what science has done and can do he has the highest respect, and he never voices romantic dislike for science and scientists. He will have no maunderings over *Geist*. "Thinking is too easy. The mind in its flight rarely meets with resistance. Hence the vital importance for the intellectual of touching concrete objects and of learning discipline in his intercourse with them." But science (*la razón física*), a revelation to Galileo, is no longer such.



José Ortega y Gasset

This last looks like a surrender to unreason, but Señor Ortega promises us that it is not. In a future work, he will disclose in "historical reason" a rigorous and exigent form of thinking that can do for the study of man what physico-mathematical reason has signally failed to do. Significantly—and perhaps ominously—he ends with a quotation from Auguste Comte.

The Law of the Americas

HANDS OFF, A HISTORY OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By Dexter Perkins. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1941. 455 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HUBERT HERRING

THE British be thanked for thinking of it, James Monroe and John Quincy Adams be thanked for putting it on paper, Theodore Roosevelt and Dexter Perkins be thanked for making it interesting—so much for the Monroe Doctrine, which now in its 118th year appears to be the liveliest conviction in the American credo.

Mr. Perkins proves what should be abundantly clear to everyone save professors of history and Henry Ford—that American history is exciting. He draws upon none of the juggler's tricks made familiar by the popularizers. He does not lay on color for the sake of color, he plays no favorites, he invents no villains. He tells the simple story of the way in which Foreign Secretary Canning called in Minister Rush and broke the news that British and American interest were now identical; he tells how James Monroe, checked by John Quincy Adams, put down the words on paper, and of the train of events which ensued.

After careful scrutiny of the doings of the masters of the Holy Alliance, supposedly plotting reprisals in the New World, Mr. Perkins comes to the conclusion that "the message of 1823 was directed against an imaginary menace." The United States was warding off attacks from gentlemen who had no slightest intention of attempting rescue of the Spanish Bourbons' scattered empire. The Doctrine now has more point. A new Holy Alliance is contemplating the sins prematurely charged against the older Holy Alliance.

The Doctrine changed little current history. The English belatedly learned that the Doctrine might be used

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A Soldier on Leave

THIS ABOVE ALL. By Eric Knight. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1941. 473 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RAY B. WEST, JR.

IT seems pretty clear now that such books as "A Farewell to Arms," "Three Soldiers," and "All Quiet on the Western Front," could not, as it was hoped in the 1920's, do much to prevent a repetition of 1914-18. On the other hand, their influence is likely to be felt in another direction, that is, the setting up of new standards for war fiction, particularly those novels produced while the war is actually in progress. It is too early to predict that the market will not be flooded with romantic, propagandistic drivel such as was issued in America during the last war, with its accompanying prodigious sales, but it is heartening to find so honest and meritorious a work as this novel by Eric Knight among the first on the lists.

That is not to say that "This Above All" is the perfect novel. It is obviously a hurry-up job to take advantage of the current American interest in the war, and it is in many respects inferior to the author's two earlier excellent books. However, it is written with the same sincerity and skill (if not polish), and it reflects the same critical attitude toward Britain's philandering pre-war government, its bungling social reforms, and its Tory decadence. Above all, it presents a picture of England's wartime development from dazed bewilderment to stoicism—from Dunkirk to the first devastating London air raids—in a manner which digs deeper than newspaper bulletins or politicians' diaries.

Eric Knight knows modern warfare (he served through four years of the last war); he is British, but has lived for many years in Canada and the United States. As a result, his view is both objective and sympathetic, his approach to his subject varied.

Eric Knight
Picture Page, Inc.

The plot is concerned with a soldier on leave, a hero of the retreat from Douai to Dunkirk, Clive Briggs, who becomes involved with a young war worker, Prudence Cathaway, daughter of a famous London surgeon. By developing the background of these characters, we are introduced to several levels of English society. Clive, as the illegitimate son of a poor working woman, presents his story in frequent, illuminating flashbacks. With the members of the Cathaway family, the book is more directly concerned. Pru's relatives are high army officers, London lawyers, doctors, and one is sent as a government emissary to purchase supplies in the United States. Her grandfather is a retired general of Yorkshire stock, a veteran of four wars, who chafes under the inactivity of retirement. These figures appear as strands continued simultaneously, and, for the most part, smoothly.

The one serious lapse in the book occurs when Clive reveals that he is determined not to return to the army. His reasons (as well as the arguments of his friends who oppose him) are delivered in long passages of rhetoric. The information is good, at times interesting, but fatal to the characterization. Clive and Pru become, for the time being, orators instead of people. The story lags. This is material that should have been given in some other manner; preferably, through the action of the characters themselves, as, indeed, it is throughout most of the book. The American section is skillfully told in brief sketches, and it is almost complete in itself, though not quite adequately woven into the central action.

On the whole, "This Above All" is a much better book, as a novel, than we have any reason to expect, coming as it does so early in the war. It is difficult to judge it as a work of art, yet it is not propaganda. It seems to me to be a sincere, but hurried piece of work by an admirable writer, and a British patriot.

Novel within A Novel

AMIEL. By Myrtle Johnston. New York: D. Appleton-Century. 1941. 383 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS extraordinary novel proves that there is, after all, something new under the sun—in novel—in writing. Myrtle Johnston takes the familiar pattern of a novel within a novel and gives it a fresh and exciting treatment. The book is divided into nine sections, which alternate between the novelist-protagonist's adventures and chapters of the book he is writing. The two parallel stories are equally absorbing, although tantalizingly incomplete. Both the novelist and the "hero" of his novel have undergone shattering experiences which have resulted in a physical and mental breakdown, and both fight a losing battle to regain what they term "ordinariness." The novelist might have won, had a senseless accident not prostrated his wife and an equally senseless war marked him as certain victim.

Michael M'Clane, confined in a sordid pension with his injured wife, who is nearer dead than alive, is writing his novel "Amiel" in a frequently bombed city—the author firmly refuses to tell us where—and under the most excruciating circumstances. The city is raided and fired; there is no heat, little food; the wife has been struck down before a painful domestic misunderstanding could be cleared up; a protracted physical and mental illness makes writing all but impossible; the certainty of final defeat grows as the invading army approaches. M'Clane's Amiel, half Scotch and half Russian, is a bogus explorer who is in reality an ex-convict (political) from Siberia. He has been brutalized and quite unmanned by unspeakable hardships, which have defeated him partly because of his enormous self-pity and the thinness of his spirit. He marries a sensitive, aristocratic Irish girl, and their fight to save him is the theme of the novel. The two parallel stories balance each other and not only give a grim unity to the book but double the anguish of the reader as his interest in the two *misérables* mounts.

Miss Johnston's earlier fiction had some of the moodiness and wild energy of Emily Brontë's stories, but "Amiel" has the quieter, concentrated power of Julian Green's first novels. Like "The Secret Garden" it bores into the reader's sensibilities with a dentist's drill; however an occasional flash of the author's Irish wit or ironical observation keeps the book from becoming unbearably harrowing, without vitiating its powerful unity. "Amiel" is a novelist's novel, but it will be enjoyed also by those readers who are able to stand up to their reading with the same fortitude and spirit they summon for the anxieties and afflictions of real life. It is an unusual book, adult, tensely dramatic, and expertly written.

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How to Swear in Print

STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE other day at my club I saw two men come unexpectedly together, old friends who hadn't met for years. They came forward with outstretched hands and a smile of memory and welcome. "Well, well," one said, "You old bastard." The other was quite affected. He replied even more endearingly.

Afterwards it set me thinking about the question of swearing, how you do it, and how you write it, and particularly how you get away with it in literature and fiction. You see, in writing up the little episode above, if you are not allowed to use bad language you could of course say, "Mr. Robinson greeted Mr. Jones with expressions of the most cordial satisfaction." But that's not as good as saying that he called him a bastard. Anyone appreciates that.

But then, of course, you have to have the atmosphere. That's just where the difficulty comes in. How to get the swearing and the atmosphere both together. It's a topic that will stand a little examination. I don't propose to solve the problem of how to write profanity but I hope at least to shed a little light on it for others to work by.

Remember this first. If you are writing a story it won't do to say that one of your characters said something "with a terrible oath." That is no good. We want to hear it. What was it?

This is the favorite formula used in pirate stories written for boys and girls:

> "Har! Har!" shouted the pirate with a foul oath, "They are in our power." "They certainly are," said the second pirate with an oath fouler than the first.
>
> "I'll say so," said the third pirate with an oath fouler still, a lot fouler.
>
> The fourth pirate remained silent. He couldn't make it.

No, that won't do. We'll judge for ourselves how foul the oath is. If you can't say it, just whisper it. It's got to be pretty foul to get past us.

And I need hardly say that it won't do to fall back on that old-fashioned trick that is used in novels "laid" in the Middle Ages—I mean the trick of making up a lot of fanciful stuff and calling it swearing.

Like this:

"Odd's Piddlekins," cried Sir Gonderear, "by my halidom thou art but a foul catiff. Let me out, or I'll have at you."

"Nay, by the Belly of St. Mark," answered the Seneschal, "I fear thee not, false paynim. . . . Have one on me!" (Or words to that effect.) That was all right for Sir Walter Scott. It won't do now. Such an epithet as "foul catiff" has been replaced by "you big stiff," and a "panim" is a lobster.

* * *

There used to be a special kind of swearing reserved by convention for the use of sailors in sea-stories. "Shiver my timbers!" cried the bosun, "you son of a swob! Lift a finger, you lobscouse, and I'll knock the dead lights out of you!" After which he spat a quid—a *quid pro quo*—into the lee scuppers.

Fenimore Cooper is a peculiar case in point. The public of his day was too strict in its ideas to allow a sailor even to shiver his timbers in print. A glance at any of Cooper's famous sea stories will reveal such terrible profanity as d - l, apparently hinting at *devil* and d - e, which may be interpreted with a thrill as "damme." Oddly enough, in Cooper's day the word "bloody" had not yet taken on in America its later offensive connotation, so that Cooper was at liberty to use it. "D - e," said the bosun, "what the d - l does the bloody fellow mean?" But we may leave that to Fenimore Cooper. At present you

"Try it yourself, madam. You can't put it down."

couldn't navigate even a car ferry with a truck on it on that language.

YOU see, it was much easier to get away with such things a hundred years ago, at the beginning of modern fiction, than it is now. Take the case of Charles Dickens. He couldn't, of course, put real swearing into his books, and anyway he wouldn't have wanted to. So he set up a sort of jargon that he took straight out of the blood and thunder of the cheap London theatre of which, as an impecunious youth, he was inordinately fond.

An example is seen in the language used by Bill Sykes, the murderer, in "Oliver Twist." There is a scene, in which he is just going to do the murder—no, has just done it and is trying to escape. A child has got in the way and Sykes says to his associates. "Open the door of some place where I can lock this screeching hell babe". . . . Why he didn't say, "bump the child off," I forget just now. The present point is the language he used. He would have had just as good a phrase for bumping it.

Compare the "hell's accursed," and the "foul fiend," and such mild phrases. With objurgations of that sort you sometimes couldn't tell whether the characters were cursing or praying: in fact in origin the two are one.

That reminds me of the language I once heard used by a man showing a "picture panorama,"—the kind of thing they used to have long ago before the real "pictures" replaced it. In these pictures, when the successive scenes were shown, there was a man who did the talking. "Here you seen this . . . " and so on, as the scenes went by. The man I speak of was showing a scene representing a Swiss peasant, getting swallowed up in a morass, or nearly swallowed up, till an angel appeared to save him. I was quite unable, and I still am, to distinguish whether the Swiss peasant and the angel were praying or swearing. In fact I don't think the picture man had thought it out. He took a chance.

His talk ran: "Here you see the Swiss Alps. In the foreground is one of those dangerous more-asses, where the treacherous surface, with all the aspect of firm ground, offers no real support. Here you see a Swiss peasant. Look! He is stepping out on the more-ass. The ground yields beneath his feet. He moves forward more rapidly to escape. He begins to sink. He tries in vain to withdraw his feet. He is slowly sinking to his doom. Look, he lifts his hands and cries aloud. 'Oh, Heaven,' he says, 'this is the damndest morass.'

"A voice, vibrating with pity, an-

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swers. 'You poor soul,' it says. 'You poor nut, you poor bastard,' . . . Come on up.' . . . He is saved."

So he would be, of course.

BUT to turn back again to advice to writers. Don't think you can get away with swearing by putting something very close to it, something nearly as good and much cheaper, by a shift of a letter or two. Some writers try for instance, to use "ruddy" to stand for "bloody." This is used especially in the mouths of English army sergeants and such. It is supposed to give a barrack-room touch. But it is really just a left-over piece of Victorian evasion. Rudyard Kipling used this trick, not so stale in his hey-day as it is now. One recalls his Soudanese Negro, Fuzzy-wuzzy, who was described as a "big black bounding beggar, who broke a British Square." That's all right. Fuzzy-wuzzy was pretty close to that, but not just exactly that.

Now here's another thing.

Don't try to get round the difficulty by turning the profanity into dashes - - - - - -, or making it into asterisks * * * * * * *, or writing it with initials, such as Oh, H - - -, Go to the D - - - -. That's just feeble.

Indeed, I know no more irritating trick in literature, apart from its use as profanity, than when a writer insists on substituting letters, initials, for real names. I mean in extracts like this:

"My friend, whom I will call X - - -."

Now, why call him that? Let's have his real name. And anyway, no one could be called X, because it doesn't start anything, unless they mean his name is Xerxes or X-ray. But such writers go right ahead with their silly little mystery. Thus:

"My friend X - - - had fallen deeply in love with a charming girl whom I will merely designate as Miss B. . . ."

Will you? Well, I won't. If you don't give her real name I'll call her something worse all through the story.

* * *

As to the asterisks and dots and strokes, they're hopeless—you can't *swear* with those things. They won't read right. If read aloud, they would turn the pirate story into:

"Three asterisks!" shouted the first Pirate.

"Four," shouted the next.

"I'll make it six," yelled a third, adding a stroke and a colon.

* * *

A person still young and inexperienced might think, surely there is no problem here. The true method would be to write down the very words that an actual person would actually use, to put the swearing in exactly as people swear it. But that of course would never do. Leaving out all question of whether the law allows it, art forbids it. It wouldn't sound right. Try it. Put down a set of foul, profane, obscene words—not samples, but the whole set used in what is called a string of profanity. It would sound awful for one paragraph, flat and stale after two, and beyond that utterly nauseating; in fact, just like swearing. And you know how that sounds.

The only advice that I can offer to the writer is, don't go further than others do. In fact, keep just a little behind them. If they say "guts," you say "bowels of compassion."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

IF LITERARY CHARACTERS ADVERTISED

Here are 6 unclassified ads (following the I. Q. of two weeks ago) some of which were actually run by fictional figures, and some merely might have been. The names of the advertisers have been omitted, just to make it harder, but can you identify them anyhow? Don't peek but the answers are on the next page.

C*O*T*T*E*R in dress faktory wants new job. Not like mine prasant one. Especial xcellent on cotting hard dezigns. 1

EXPERT COBBLING done at reasonable rates. My more than 1,900 years of experience guarantees you satisfaction. 2

FOR NOVELTIES AND GIFTS visit the fine collection now on display at the Old Curiosity Shop. Now under new management. 3

INFORMATION leading to the return of my lost shadow will be greatly appreciated. 4

JUST OUT! A small monograph Upon the Polyphonic Motets of Lassus. Already acclaimed by experts as the last word upon the subject. Order your copy today from the author-publisher. 5

LIKE TO TRAVEL? Go in comfort and convenience to any part of the world on my magic carpet. Speedy service. Apply at the palace. 6

History by Phases

DIPLOMAT BETWEEN WARS. By Hugh R. Wilson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1941. *344 pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MR. WILSON'S second installment of his autobiography is marked by the same easy, flowing style as his first and is almost equally entertaining. It is naturally a graver book since it deals with war and post-war years and the continuing strife and bloodshed in different parts of the globe between the two world wars. During this period Mr. Wilson, one of our career diplomats, was in key positions, notably during his ten years of service in Switzerland, where he played an important part in the futile effort to preserve Europe from the very disaster which has now come upon it. Indeed, I think his description of the ill-fated Disarmament Conference, with the reasons for its failure, the best and most compact exposition that I have seen anywhere. This is especially true of his narrative of the Hoover Plan of 1932 and how it was wrecked by the refusal of the British to consider any reduction whatever of their naval power.

In this volume, Mr. Wilson appears much more the routine career diplomat than in the gayer years of his apprenticeship. He did, however, often display unusual foresight, as when he went to Paris in the darkest days of the Peace Conference to tell one of the architects of disaster, Col. House, the truth as to what was going to come out of that carving up of Europe, and to urge upon him in vain that the American delegation pack up and go home. There is no question of the sincerity and earnestness of Mr. Wilson's efforts to bring about peace. But in the last resort, he, too, falls back inevitably upon force. He does not think that the nations of the earth should condemn an aggressor unless they feel strongly enough to go to war about it. He is not for sanctions or criticisms unless behind them stand the battleships stripped for action.

Similarly he is opposed to the nonrecognition policy of our government, first adopted by President Wilson against President Huerta in Mexico. But are there really no measures short of war that nations may utilize when the laws of humanity and decency are outraged? If that is so then the case is hopeless. I, for one, cannot accept the idea that a robber nation is not to be characterized and denounced, for then there will be no control whatever by governments of outlaws save

(*Continued on page* 37)

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An American "Mein Kampf"

UNION NOW WITH GREAT BRITAIN. By Clarence Streit. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 234 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by CLARE BOOTHE

AUTHOR Clarence Streit and author Adolf Hitler share much in common. Each has fought and suffered in the last war. Each watched afterwards with growing bitterness and resistance the methods and mechanisms of Democratic Diplomacy and Statesmanship which made this war so inevitable, and if they are not changed, will make the next and the next one inevitable. Each derived his inspiration from national frames of reference, conceived of a full-blown method and mechanism of his own to bring about another order of things in the world. Each set down the history of his thought, his ideas, his arguments, his technique at great length, in a book. And each, it must be admitted, has an indifferent, a long-winded, even a tortuous, literary style, redeemed only by the white-hot fire of fanaticism and zealotry, which burns through it.

There, all resemblance between author Clarence Streit and author Adolf Hitler ceases. For Clarence Streit wants nothing Adolf Hitler wants, and he wants everything Adolf Hitler doesn't. He wants a peaceful and a prosperous and a democratic world of free men and nations, in which a repetition of the cataclysms of World War I and II will not only be unthinkable but impossible.

How to achieve that?

Four years ago, seeing clearly the awful shape of things to come, Clarence Streit wrote "Union Now" (the parent volume of "Union Now with Great Britain"). It called for the free federal union of the fifteen then existing democracies. No sane man doubts today that had these democracies united then, under one federal government, transferring to it those same five powers (and only those powers) which our thirteen colonial states transferred after the Revolution to our Union—defense, free trade, money, communications, citizenship—World War II would have been averted, and Hitler stopped, and his people subverted to revolting—and eventually bolting to this great new free union.

"(This) Union, people said, was a dream. They acted as if a nightmare were more practical than a dream. They got the nightmare. Down the disunited Democracies have gone, one after another, surprised, betrayed, invaded, ravaged, conquered, imprisoned, put to shame. Of those fifteen democracies, only seven now remain free—the six Democracies of the British Commonwealth, and the United desire, in future, to join it.

Clarence Streit would have us (since the offer must always come from the strong to the weak) offer a *provisional* Union Now to the British Commonwealth—a provisional Union—calling for a constitutional Convention at some date *after* victory, to work out calmly and carefully the details of a just and enduring constitution. This federal union of the English-speaking world is conceived of, not as a British-American hegemony, but as the nucleus of a United States of the World, which may be joined by all bonafide republican and democratic states who desire, in future, to join it.

Such a Union Now with Great Britain would unite spiritually and materially our two nations during the waging of the war, prevent Great Britain from making a separate peace, and provide a great and challenging *peace* aim for Europe which even the dearest friends of democracy feel to be tragically lacking.

Is such a union possible? Clarence Streit reminds us forcefully that it was just such a union Great Britain offered to France—too late—in the black days before France's surrender. Had France accepted that union, there would be no "Vichy" today, and France, though an occupied country, would still face a future of freedom.

Adequately to review a book like "Union Now with Great Britain" would be to write another book about it, as indeed, should it come to pass, a hundred thousand books will be written about it. It is in no sense literature. Like "Das Kapital," or "Mein Kampf," it is a profound revolutionary document, every word and argument of which must be met and disposed of by the individual reader before he can honestly dismiss its general thesis as "impractical, visionary, doomed to failure." How much grief would have been spared the world if "Mein Kampf" had been required reading for all democratic statesmen and League of Nations officials, if they had not contented themselves (as until recently most of the statesmen of Europe I have ever met did) with reading "the reviews about it!" And how much grief may still be spared the rapidly dwindling democracies, if all its influential and/or thoughtful citizens would read Clarence Streit's book *now* from cover to cover.

Clarence Streit: His similarities with Hitler may prove the latter's undoing.

In 1775, Edward Burke made his great address to the House of Commons on "Conciliation with the Colonies." (History notes, tragically, that his longwinded style and ineffective delivery "emptied the benches.") He said, "My policy (with America) is peace." And when he was heckled to elaborate the details of that policy, he answered, "*Peace* is my policy. The refinement of policy is always the father of confusion."

This reviewer has, at great length, pondered the pages of Clarence Streit's two books, and can honestly say, "Union Now is my policy." And to refine that policy or any aspect of it in the limited space of this review, would surely father much confusion in the reader.

It is enough to say that Streit's proposal of federal union with Great Britain is a bold and courageous and entirely feasible attempt to meet the challenge of Hitlerism, and Hitler's totalitarianism, with an American solution and an American answer.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N, in "The Education of Hyman Kaplan," by Leonard Q. Ross.
2. Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, in medieval legend.
3. Daniel Quilp, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Dickens.
4. "Peter Schlemihl," by Adelbert von Chamisso.
5. Sherlock Holmes, in "The Bruce-Partington Plans," by Conan Doyle.
6. Houssain, in "The Arabian Nights."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
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SRL AWARD TO ELLEN GLASGOW

IT is with deep satisfaction that the editors of *The Saturday Review* confer upon Ellen Glasgow their special award for "Distinguished Service to American Literature." Through a combination of circumstances for which sometimes the judges, sometimes the nature of the competition, were responsible, Miss Glasgow's name has never appeared upon the Pulitzer lists where many novelists, far inferior to her in quality and scope, have had their day. She belongs unquestionably to that small group of writers of fiction who, in the twentieth century in America, have brought that art to one of its peaks in English. She was a realist of the old South, when Southern writers were still sentimentalists. She was an ironist when irony was rare in American literature. She has made her native Virginia more than a region of local color by imaginatively relating its typical character and typical situations to the great themes of universal literature. American literary history has been written from many angles—naturalistic, New England, Marxist, Jeffersonian, regional, moral, and esthetic. It is difficult to imagine, however, any future historian who, whatever his bias or philosophy, will fail to number Miss Glasgow's novels as among our important achievements in the study of the stamp put upon human nature by being American.

Make a list of the best five American novelists of the past twenty years, and try to avoid the necessity of considering her name. Make a list of the best ten American novelists of the past twenty years, and leave her out at the peril of being convicted, either of ignorance of her works, or lack of discrimination. Yet the Pulitzer committees have constantly ignored her claims from the first session in 1918 until today.

Ellen Glasgow is not the only striking omission. Ernest Hemingway, Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, and William Faulkner have never been hailed in their publicity as "Pulitzer Prize Winners." Their failure is not so surprising. In one way or another they are all radical novelists, pushing experimentally into new fields of record; and radicalism and experimentalism have seldom won prizes in the past.

Hand-carved design of the *SRL* award. Sculptor: Robert Cronbach.

If we could poll the Pulitzer committee for any year when one of these authors published a book not regarded as notable, and was not chosen to the elect, the answer would undoubtedly be either that the majority of the committee did not like the novel or that they liked some other novel better. Therefore a brief transcript from the publishing record may be interesting:

In 1919 Ellen Glasgow published "The Builders." No award was made.

In 1921 John Dos Passos published "Three Soldiers"; the award went to Booth Tarkington for "Alice Adams." He had been given the prize for a book of 1918.

In 1922 Ellen Glasgow published "One Man in His Time," and Sinclair Lewis printed "Babbitt." Willa Cather's "One of Ours" was the winner. In 1923 Ellen Glasgow's "The Shadowy Third" and Willa Cather's "A Lost Lady" were published. The award went to Margaret Wilson for her "The Able McLaughlins."

In 1925 Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground," John Dos Passos's "Manhattan Transfer," Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" all appeared. The award was given to Sinclair Lewis for his "Arrowsmith." He declined it.

In 1926 Ellen Glasgow published "The Romantic Comedians," one of her best books; Ernest Hemingway made his reputation with "The Sun Also Rises." Louis Bromfield's "Early Autumn" won the prize.

In 1929 Ellen Glasgow's "They Stooped to Folly" was published; also Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms." Oliver La Farge won the prize with his "Laughing Boy."

In 1930 John Dos Passos published "The 42nd Parallel." The prize went to Margaret Ayer Barnes's "Years of Grace."

In 1932 "The Sheltered Life" was added to Ellen Glasgow's list. Ernest Hemingway's "Death in the Afternoon" appeared, also William Faulkner's "Light in August," the award was given to T. S. Stribling's "The Store."

In 1935 Ellen Glasgow's "Vein of Iron" was printed; Harold L. Davis was the prize winner with "Honey in the Horn."

In selecting Miss Glasgow to receive *The Saturday Review* award for "Distinguished Service to American Literature," the editors wish to emphasize that this is not necessarily an annual award. Nor is it necessarily an award given exclusively to writers. Last year, it was presented to a radio program, a pioneer of its kind, for "precipitating an enthusiasm in and a curiosity about books and authors without parallel in the history of radio," making "information about good literature palatable to the millions." That program, of course, was "Information, Please."

H. S. C.

Point Lobos

By Dora Hagemeyer

NOT on Sicilian shores where temples rise,
A testament to greatness passed away,
But here beneath these Californian skies
Shall earth's own grandeur consecrate the day—

No column is more lofty than this stone
Lifting a sunlit brow against the sea—
By right of hallowed atmosphere alone
This ledge is altar for the cliff and tree.

How young is Greece beside this wind-worn crag
With legends of all ages on its face!
The most persistent delver cannot drag
The buried tragedy from out this place.

Lobos looks down on time as if to say:
Silence remains; the voiceful pass away.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Anderson and the Institute

SIR:—Sometime about 1935 it occurred to me that the election of Sherwood Anderson to the National Institute of Arts and Letters was long overdue. Accordingly I looked up Stuart Sherman and suggested that we nominate Anderson. He consented gladly and remarked that there must be a third sponsor—who should it be? Paul Elmer Ware, I answered.

Sherman, for whom his onetime mentor had become a symbol of reaction, laughed scornfully. "Ware will never do it," he insisted, I answered "Ware will hate Anderson's work, but he will perceive its merit. "Never," Sherman retorted.

I came back with the statement that though I was not a betting man, I would bet any reasonable sum that Ware would join in the sponsorship. Sherman finished the debate by saying he didn't want to steal my money.

The next day I handed my little reprint of "Winesburg, Ohio" to Ware asked him to read it, saying I was sure he wouldn't like it, but requesting him to sponsor Anderson if he thought the work more significant than most of the fiction produced by our fellow members of the Institute.

In a couple of days I called for his decision. Ware said "As you supposed I don't like the work at all, but it is superior in a literary way to most of our Institute fiction, so of course I will join you in the nomination."

A cautious Governing Board held up the candidacy for a couple of years, but in 1937 Sherwood Anderson was elected under the curiously mixed auspices of Stuart Sherman, Paul Elmer Ware and yours,

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.
Washington Crossing,
Penna.

The Plot Thickens

SIR:—Mr. Rex Stout, at the close of his compelling argument ("Watson was a Woman," *SRL,* March 1st), hints darkly at the parentage of Lord Peter Wimsey, leaving us to conjecture, if we will, that he was the happy product of Holmes's unhappy marriage.

As a corollary to Mr. Stout's research may I suggest (what a colleague, Dr. Edward J. West, of the University of Colorado, has suggested to me) an even more striking parallel for investigation?

Can Mr. Stout discover for us whether or not Holmes's brother, Mycroft, was a married man? For if fathers beget like sons, Mycroft's son lives in a brownstone house on 35th Street (which he is as reluctant to leave as Mycroft is unwilling to stir from the comforts of the Diogenes Club). His name is, of course, Nero Wolfe.

JAMES SANDAE.
Berkeley, Cal.

"You got anything different, like where the *police* solve the crime."

Byron's Message for Today

SIR:—The harbor of Valetta has been so much in the news recently that your readers might be reminded of Byron's "Farewell to Malta," written after a visit to the island in the spring of 1811. The poem opens

"Adieu, ye joys of La Valette!
Adieu, sirocco, sun, and sweat,

and, after taking leave of the "cursed streets of stairs," the "damned'st quarantine," the "stage which makes us yawn," the "red coats, and redder faces," and other unhappy characteristics of the place, includes the lines

"And now, O Malta! since thou'st got us,
Thou little military hothouse!
I'll not offend with words uncivil,
And wish thee rudely at the Devil,
But only stare from out my casement,
And ask, for what is such a place meant?"

Seven years earlier another English poet, Coleridge, had sought out the "sun and sweat" of Malta for the sake of his health and had remained to serve as Public Secretary to the Governor, who relished his conversation. Coleridge was struck by the barrenness of the island, its want of rivers and brooks and hedges and green fields. "A drearier place eye never saw," was his summation of the landscape. Concurring with Byron's view of it as a "military hothouse," Coleridge maintained that "the whole island looks like a monstrous fortification." But it was the noise of Valetta that most offended Coleridge; the noise of children and street-criers, but especially of Maltese cats. "He who has only heard caterwauling on English roofs," he writes, "can have no idea of a cat-serenade in Malta. In England it has often a close and painful resemblance to the distressful cries of young children, but in Malta it is identical with the wide range of screams uttered by imps while they are dragging each other into hotter and still hotter pools of brimstone and fire. It is the discord of Torment and of Rage and of Hate, of paroxysms of Revenge, and *every* note grumbles away into Despair."

RICHARD W. ARMOUR.
Wells College
Aurora, N. Y.

Information, Please

SIR:—I am interested in obtaining information concerning a little-known poetess of the Restoration period who wrote under the name "Ephelia." Her only book of poems is entitled *Female Poems on Several Occasions,* published in 1679. While her identity is unknown, she may be Joan Philips.

Since so little is known about her, any information or sources of information that can be supplied by the readers will be greatly appreciated.

MARY ELEANOR BELL.
University of Alabama,
University, Ala.

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All for Science

QUEST: THE EVOLUTION OF A SCIENTIST. By Leopold Infeld. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1941. 342 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

DR. INFELD is a distinguished theoretical physicist who gives us in his autobiography a story of escape—escape from what he calls the "closed system" of the ghetto, escape from Jewry everywhere and its language and religion, escape from the anti-Semitism of Polish universities, escape from Hitler and spiritually broken post-war Europe. And all for the sake of science.

Dr. Infeld's struggle was doubly grueling because he had to face both Jewish and Gentile prejudice. The narrative arouses indignation and holds the attention by its sheer dramatic quality and its deep and manifest sincerity. We behold a lad forced by a well-meaning but unenlightened father to follow the Jewish way of life and to enter a public school studying in his leisure subjects taught only in the *gymnasium* (an institution which is a cross between an American college and a university and which is not in the least concerned with athletics), passing his *matura* there with the highest honors, and thus qualifying himself for education in a university. The war came and with it conscription. In one of his few merry moments Dr. Infeld tells of the manner in which he fooled half a dozen epauletted physicians into deciding that because of his smooth "idiot's tongue" and seemingly irrational behavior he was obviously unfit for active military service—a trick that made it possible for him to attend university lectures in uniform, and to gad about with the aid of forged permits. After the war there was more study in Germany, then marriage to a sympathetic Jewish girl, only daughter of wealthy parents. Her death from a mysterious disease left him a spiritual wreck. Study at Cambridge with the aid of a Rockefeller grant not only put him on his mental feet again but developed his mathematical powers. On his return he was the one man in free Poland to occupy a chair of theoretical physics. Though the world had been presumably made safe for democracy, intriguing anti-Semitic professors saw to it he was kept in a minor post. A weaker man would have accepted this sentence to oblivion. Infeld emigrated to America. Throwing himself figuratively at Einstein's feet, he was not only received with a warm heart but made an associate in an intellectually daring effort to bridge the enormous gap that yawns between relativity and the atom. The happy ending was an invitation to join the Univ. of Toronto and rapid promotion to the chair of applied mathematics.

We have, then, not the usual autobiographical chronicle but an enthralling human document, which is fittingly subtitled "the evolution of a scientist," and which discloses the flowering of an original mind in the face of hardship, frustration, and temporary defeat. Journalistic experience gained as a popularizer of science for the *Gazeta Polska* is applied in discussing problems that confront theoretical physicists and the methods of attack —discussions so lucid that curved and expanding universes and electrons leaping about as if they had wills of their own become the logical necessities that they are. Moreover, there are vivid sketches of Heisenberg, Born, Dirac, and other mathematical eminences who have revolutionized thinking and whose names ought to be better known. Indeed this reviewer knows of no account that does such ample justice to his great mind and spirit of Einstein.

Mr. Einstein and Mr. Infeld talk shop.

Skis and Forensics

COME WHAT MAY. By Arnold Lunn. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1941. 348 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

ARNOLD LUNN'S new book starts as an autobiography, and then quickly develops into a series of theological, travel, mountaineering, and historical essays with an occasional personal illustration. I am sorry for this, much as I have enjoyed his book, because the early pages about his boyhood show an unusual and modest talent for self-criticism. Arnold Lunn of today can look back at the Arnold Lunn of thirty odd years ago and smile at the youth, aggressive and yet engaging, whom he sees in memory's glass. And a great many better authors have never been able to do that.

Still, even as it is, a casual, formless, miscellaneous book, "Come What May" is extraordinarily readable. The chapters on ski-racing—Mr. Lunn invented the slalom and secured recognition for it and ordinary down-hill ski-ing in the international contests —have a breath-taking quality which completely reconciles me to the fact that the only ski-racing I ever saw was the comic summer ski-ing practised in the Austrian town of Bad Gastein,—on grass. There are chapters on the Spanish war—Mr. Lunn remains to my mind obstinately blind to the forces behind Franco, and more culpably deaf to the tragedy of the Basques—and chapters on Germany just after the Armistice in 1919 and on Poland just before the outrage of 1939. There is an admirable chapter on Psychical Research and the claims of Spiritualism; and one of the best brief essays I have ever read on Swiss democracy. The account of his visit to America shows, in the sincerity of his appreciation, that Arnold Lunn is the true son of his father, that ardent worker for Anglo-American friendship. It is pleasant to read an English author who realizes the eagerness of American college students to learn.

His prowess as a rock climber and a skier is world-wide. He climbed and skied with amazing energy, courage and success with one leg so badly damaged that he wore a supporting iron. I have read a good deal of mountaineering literature, but I have never read anything at once so exciting and so unpretentiously modest as Arnold Lunn's accounts. In this country Arnold Lunn is best known as a champion skier and as an ardent and fair-minded Catholic controversialist. There is a good deal of religious controversy in this book—all good-tempered.

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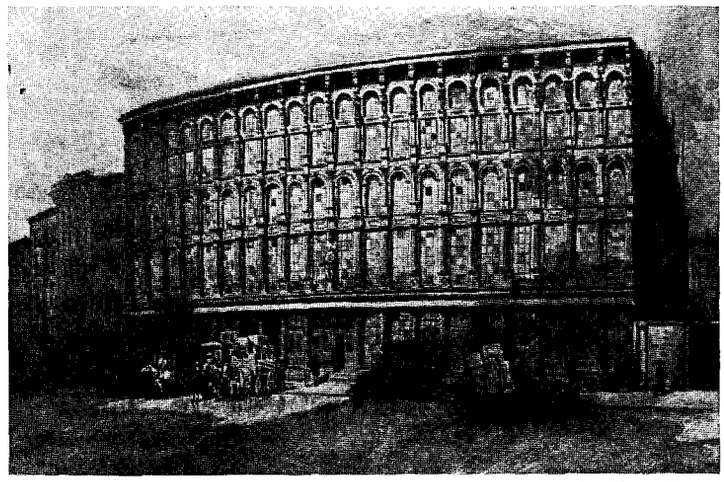
The House of Harper

First of a series of articles on publishing houses

EDITH M. STERN



Drawing by W. A. Rogers

Publishing house and manufacturing plant on Franklin Square, 1854-1923.

DURING the 1860's, John Harper, one of four men who gave the name to the firm of Harper and Brothers, used to take home manuscripts for his wife to read aloud by lamplight. Gathered around their parents, in a semi-circle, John's five daughters listened attentively. Their crinolines billowed over the hassocks upon which they sat, and each one puffed away at a cigar. John, although a devout Methodist like his father and brothers, believed in the emancipation of women, and personally taught his female progeny how to smoke.

The story comes to me third hand from my friend Elsie Dodge Pattee, the miniaturist, adopted child of John's daughter Mrs. Dodge: she heard it, as a child, from her mother, and it may be apocryphal. Nevertheless, it merits recounting, for the House of Harper, in 1941, presents the same fascinating paradox of solid Victorian whalebones and mental pioneering.

Next year will be the hundred and twenty-fifth since the modest beginning of the firm in an unbookish era. In 1817, when Whittier and Longfellow were only ten years old, James and John Harper, sons of a Long Island carpenter, turned out two thousand copies of "Seneca's Morals" on their hand printing press in a dingy little room on Dover Street, in New York. Their younger brothers, Wesley and Fletcher, joined them as apprentice printers a little later, and by 1825 all four were partners. The business was a strictly family affair. James had the mechanical end, John the financial, Wesley attended to proofs and corrections, and Fletcher was in charge of literary matters. "Any of us," said James, "is the Harper. The rest are the brothers." They pooled their money, through ups and downs. In 1853, a devastating fire razed the building on Cliff Street and brought ruin to the firm; but thanks to the resources and grim determination of the brothers, it arose again in Franklin Square, in the first sizeable fireproof building in New York. At the turn of the century, five second-generation and eleven third-generation Harpers were on the payroll, with the proverbial shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves outcome. Serious financial difficulty in 1900 brought the house close to bankruptcy, but J. P. Morgan, the elder, who had a sentimental interest in publishing, lent the firm money to carry on. That money has long since been repaid in full. At present the dominant stock control is held within the organization itself.

IN 1925, with a reorganization, the House of Harper embarked upon its third and current phase. Physically, the emancipation was embodied in a move from the antiquated quarters in Franklin Square to the six-story, Georgian building at 49 East 33rd Street which, plus the building next door, acquired a decade ago, the firm still occupies. The rest of the story is told by the almost abrupt revitalization of the Harper list. Into the midst of safe and conventional standbys such as Margaret Deland, Wilbur Daniel Steele, and Mrs. Humphry Ward came two new Negro writers, Claude McKay and Countee Cullen. Among the new publishing efforts were James Harvey Robinson's "Mind in the Making" and George Dorsey's "Why We Behave Like Human Beings." Donald Ogden Stewart introduced a new type of humor in his Mr. and Mrs. Haddock absurdities. Philip Gibbs's "Now It Can Be Told" was a shocker to a "dulce et decorum est pro patria mori" drugged generation. J. S. Haldane and Julian Huxley blew fresh popular breezes through science.

In more than one way, however, Harper and Brothers cherishes its past. The reception room in the modern building is lined with dark mahagony panels salvaged from Franklin Square, and ornamented with heirlooms, ceramics, brasses, clocks, and pictures from the old offices. Less visible but more important as a heritage is an extraordinary backlist. Nearly seven million volumes of Mark Twain have brought the business both profits and glory since he came on its list in 1896. "Ben Hur" sales have topped two million, and Henry Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man," published in 1899, is still selling. Thomas Hardy is a Harper author; so is Conan Doyle. The American Nation series, thirty historical volumes edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, is in current demand, as are the juveniles of Kirk Munroe and of Howard Pyle. Crabbe's "Synonyms" is a hardy perennial. Zane Grey rolled up 11,228,399 sales between 1910 and 1930, and remains a property. At the other literary extreme, Edna St. Vincent Millay holds steady among poets.

With this slow, deep harmony of backlog runs a penetrating and rapid modern melody. The gentilities of the old-timers do not forfend publication of a Richard Wright's "Native Son," and Ralph Pearson's latest dicta on art education bear the same torch imprint as Elie Faure's "History of Art." John Gunther's "Inside Europe," continually being revised, is like a living newspaper. Jerome Frank's "Save America First" was, ironically, so timely that, published two years ago, it is, even according to the author, already obsolete. No topical book, in these changing times, is too up-to-the-minute for the old house to slip a hasty leaflet into its catalogue.

Actually, this kind of publishing is no mutation for the House of Harper. It is, rather, another indication of continuity, for the original four brothers, too, occasionally dropped their bomb-

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shells. The Abbott brothers' "Napoleon Bonaparte" was severely criticized, in the 1850's, for being too lenient towards the Little Corporal. In 1830 Dean Milman's "History of the Jews" daringly treated some of the Old Testament as unhistorical and soft-pedalled the miraculous. Robert Chambers' "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" paved the way for that radical, Darwin. Innovation, at Harpers, is no more a violation of tradition than reprinting.

But it is, perhaps, the sense of being heir to a tradition that makes the House of Harper truly a House: it is an institution, not the expression of any individual personality. One descendant, only, of the original Harpers sits on the board, and he has no part in running the business. Cass Canfield, forty-four year old president of the firm, came to Harpers in 1924 after two years on the *New York Evening Post* and *Foreign Affairs*. He was appointed manager of the London office, where his energy and enthusiasm did much to give Harpers its present distinguished list of English authors. In 1927, Canfield came back to New York as assistant editor of the firm. Four years later, he became the youngest president in the history of the house. Though he is Social Register, Racquet and Tennis Club, Harvard, and Oxford, he is a long way from resembling Philip Barry's idea of an elegant publisher. Henry Hoyns, Chairman of the Board, is like a character from an *American Magazine* success story. He was born in the correct locale for all by-the-hard-way executives; on a farm in the Middle West. As a boy of sixteen, working on a Long Island Sound ferry, he attracted the attention of one of the third-generation Harpers who commuted on the boat, and was offered a job. Since then, for fifty-seven years, he has forged ahead in the firm. He is the salesman par *excellence*, the prototype of the shrewd, genial American business man. Hoyns knows how to drive a hard bargain; he knows, also, how to make friends.

The chief editors are Eugene F. Saxton, books, and Lee Foster Hartman, magazine. Saxton came to Harpers in 1925, after a career in journalism and as editor with Doubleday, Page and Company and George H. Doran respectively. Hartman has been with the firm since 1904, on the staff of the magazine since 1908, and editor-in-chief since 1931; it was in 1925, that the seventy-five year old publication shed its illustrations and became modernized in bright orange covers. Unlike such editors as H. L. Mencken and George Horace Lorimer, but in line with his four predecessors, he is relatively anonymous so far as his readers are concerned. Frederick Lewis Allen and George Leighton, too, are better known as writers than as associate editors.

The curiously impersonal aspect of the Harper offices indicates, too, that the firm has no *Roi Soleil* who is the state. Only Canfield, Hoyns, Saxton, and Hartman have the luxury of private enclosed offices, and even these are unpretentiously furnished. Other executives sit at their desks, like so many clerks, between partitions jutting a short distance into large outer offices.

Besides the general trade books and juvenile departments, there are Business Books, Medical Books, Religious Books, College Text Books, and High School Text Books. Each department has its own editor, its own sales staff, its own best sellers. Ordway Tead, educator, issues such business best sellers as "Fashion Drawing" and "Layout in Advertising," Paul B. Hoeber, whose father's medical publishing house Harpers took over a few years ago, is responsible for tomes likes "Treatment of Cancer and Allied Diseases" and "Handbook of Hematology"—in four volumes. Eugene Exman heads the thriving Religious Books Department; among its titles are the works of Harry Emerson Fosdick and Blanche Carrier's "How Shall I Teach Religion?" which has, to date, sold in the forty thousands. Altogether, the special departments account for more than half the business's annual sales. In an average year the trade list has 100-110 titles, business book 50-60, religious books 50-60, and text books 45-65.

Sometimes, of course, departmental titles overlap the general list and are published in a trade as well as a special edition. Again, the *entente cordiale* that exists between units gives rise to books outside the department. So it happened, for example, that Paul Hoeber, Sr., an old friend of Arthur Hertzler, urged the doctor to write his autobiography. Correspondence while the book was being written was carried on by Hoeber, with editorial help from Saxton, and "Horse and Buggy Doctor" was the result. Unfortunately, Hoeber died a few months before the book was published and never knew its success. Similarly the magazine and the book publishing editors, though they function quite separately, give one another a helping hand. Chapters of Harper books often appear in the magazine before their appearance in cloth; conversely, Harper articles, seen in proof, bring book editors in for first crack at potential books.

W. A. Rogers
The Cliff Street Bridge

The Harper Prize Contests, begun 1922-23, have been another effective sales stimulus. Their sole objective is "to give prominence and success to a writer whose real quality has not hitherto found a wide audience." They have no tie-up with any motion picture company or magazine, and they are judged by eminent literary lights, outside the office. The judges, however, don't see every manuscript submitted in the contest, but the survivors of intra-office selection.

No small part of the success of the House of Harper lies in its promotion. Business-like and sedate as the general atmosphere of the office, it is accomplished neither through alcoholic literary teas nor circus'd advertising. The House's advertising mouthpiece is Samuel Rapport, ad manager. He came to the advertising of belles lettres from the hard school of selling "How to" books by mail. Ramona Herdman, practical publicity woman for the firm, has newspaper experience and an of-the-profession way with the press. She wastes little energy on news notes about authors' sojourns in Florida or their divorces, aiming for the general, not the gossip-column reader. She gladdened, for instance, the hearts of innumerable newspaper editors by supplying material for an editorial on tolerance, vital in these troubled times—and so brought national attention to Louis Adamic's "From Many Lands." The man on the sales firing line for Harpers is Adam Burger, sales manager. He is half-salesman, half-vaudeville-show, with a facility for allowing his sales half to dominate at the right moment. In editorial-sales conferences, Burger's here-is-the-low-down jests are the relief which keep the meetings from becoming pompous affairs.

Solidity without stolidity is inherent in the House of Harper. And were the calamitous fire of 1853 to be repeated today, the present members of the firm could, without doubt, repeat the thanks of James, John, Wesley, and Fletcher, for the "cordial expressions of kindness and sympathy" that were "gratifying indications of the extent to which their labors have won favor from the community, by contributing to the public instruction and entertainment."

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Authors into Actors

THOUGH no complaints have been heard (as far as we know) from Actor's Equity, a sizeable number of authors in the last few years have taken to the footlights. Edna Ferber, Sinclair Lewis, J. P. Marquand, Christopher Morley, Charles Hanson Towne, Alexander Woollcott (of course), Robert Benchley, and Thornton Wilder are only a few of those who have made their bids to thespian posterity.

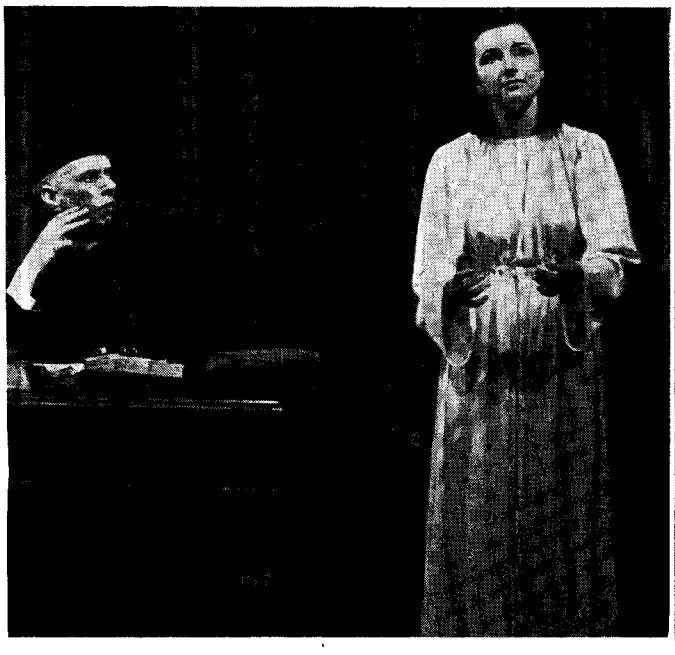
To be sure, the author turned actor is not exactly a novelty. Shakespeare did it very early in his career, and Molière was probably the best example of an artist who could write and act equally well. Contemporaneously, Noel Coward manages with fair distinction in both fields, but he is primarily an actor and not an author.

amm

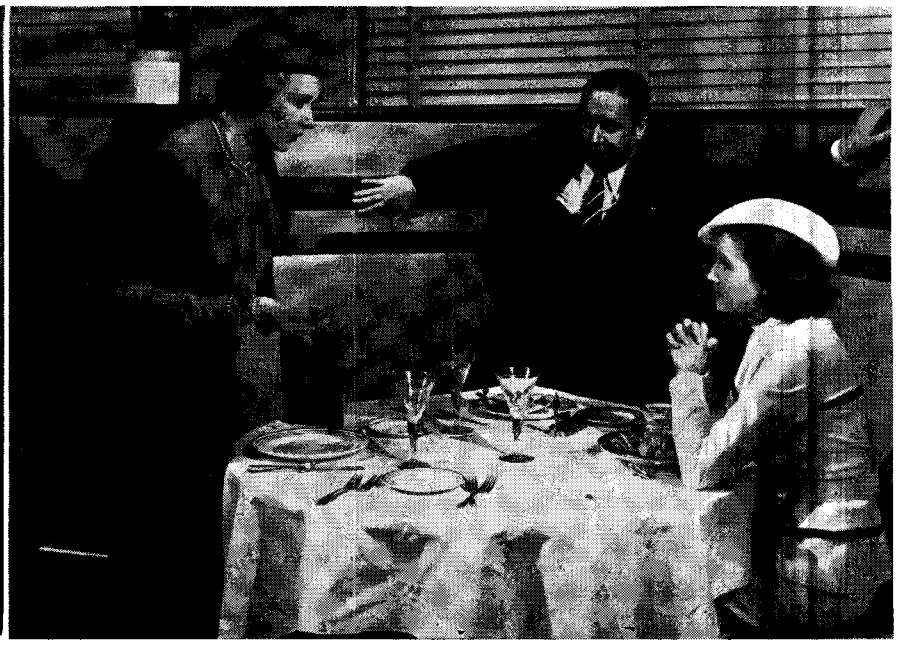
Alexander Woollcott, as Sheridan Whiteside in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," turned in what many critics called a creditable piece of acting. Some people remember him as the author of "While Rome Burns."

Vandamm

Charles Hanson Towne played in the Civic Repertory Theatre in Boston as the Rev. Dr. Lloyd. Mr. Towne is not exactly a novice at things theatrical. He once wrote for the stage; before that, he ran a magazine.



Sinclair Lewis vies with Alexander Woollcott, from the standpoint of intensity and duration, as America's leading author-actor. Mr. Lewis is shown here in a dramatic moment from "Shadow and Substance." He is still interested in the stage.



Robert Benchley is shown here in a still from his new short, "How to Behave." Mr. Benchley, who has read somewhere that you have to stand when and while a visitor comes to the table, is balancing himself for the better part of a half-hour between a table and one of these new-fangled wall-seats, which make standing a torture. Benchley is primarily a writer.

Christopher Morley rehearses with the cast of his hit-revival "The Trojan Horse" at Roslyn, Long Island, last summer. Mr. Morley, however, is more than playwright and director; he is (by now) an old trouper. This photograph was taken before the Smith Bros. chin influence set in.

Thornton Wilder hit the jackpot with "Our Town," which won a Pulitzer Prize and which has been made into a movie. Mr. Wilder took the part of the stage manager.

Andre Kertesz

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A Saturday review

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Mountain Meadow

By JOHN BUCHAN

A last novel, written with deep understanding and rich seriousness by the author of

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—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $2.75

A Time to Speak

By ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

Reflections in a Golden Eye

By CARSON McCULLERS

"Mrs. McCullers tells her tale with simplicity, insight and . . . Tolstoyan lucidity. It is as natural and finished as Henry James's 'The Turn of the Screw.' . . . In its sphere, the novel is a masterpiece."— *Time* $2.00

The Blue Cloak

By TEMPLE BAILEY

This book is more than the story of Erik Thoresen, it is a picture of the conflict of two ways of life — the calm strength of a people living close to the land and the swift-paced excitement of Eastern society.

$2.00

My Theodosia

By ANYA SETON

"Among the many charming and brilliant women who enliven the pages of American history, Theodosia, daughter of Aaron Burr, stands forth as one of the most romantic. . . . No novelist could ask a more engaging heroine for a historical romance, and in this first novel Anya Seton has made good use of her opportunities."— *New York Times*

$2.50

I Was a Head-hunter

By LEWIS V. CUMMINGS

"The author actually became a head-hunter. He engaged in the tribal wars, the hideous ceremonies, the marriage customs, of the head-hunters — and he tells about it excitingly."— *Latest Books*

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The Gian Joshua

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A novel of three house holds with one husban in a hardy Mormon fron tier settlement.

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# of Spring titles

MIFFLIN
PUBLISHERS

Mr. and Mrs. Cugat

By ISABEL SCOTT RORICK

A novel about the most happy-go-lucky, easy-come, easy-go couple that ever fought over a fishball or made up over a mink coat—a novel that leaves you much wiser and not one bit sadder. $2.00

Dawn Watch in China

By JOY HOMER

Joy Homer, because of her peculiar mission in China, got military passes such as no ordinary journalist is allowed, saw in China-at-war what no white men have seen before, worked with the Chinese, even penetrated behind the Japanese lines into Chinese guerrilla territory; and set it all down in terms which bring China, mysterious, implacably and incredibly courageous, close before our eyes. $3.00

When the World Was Young

By MARTHA McBRIDE MORREL

This is a picture of a world coming alive, of life in steaming waters with volcanoes going like blast furnaces all around. A world that could produce a forty-ton reptile which lived by dredging salad from the warm ooze of a prehistoric sea.

This book has an "extraordinary quality of interest, the result of a vivid conception and a lively, original style."—*N. Y. Times* $3.00

Mill Stream

By HORTENSE LION

A novel of the founding of a great industrial fortune which is still a power today. Providence in the first years of the industrial revolution — a revolution on which the greatness of America still rests. $2.50

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By MABLE PYNE

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Oxford
UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Poetry of W. B. Yeats
By LOUIS MacNEICE

A fresh analysis of Yeats, by a contemporary who admires him, but who is unorthodox in his approach. $2.50

Letters on Poetry from W. B. Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley

These letters make a continuous correspondence on the subject of poetry. Not only do they contain many of Yeats' views on the technique of verse; they also reflect the fresh, informal workings of his mind on a variety of subjects. $2.50

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Chosen and Edited by LORD DAVID CECIL

"A valued and valuable selection . . . an admirable critical introduction gives sound evaluation to the heritage of Christian poetic thought." — *The Churchman*. "This will probably stand with the best."—*The Christian Century*. $3.00

The Concise Oxford French Dictionary

Complete in one volume, with English-French section compiled by G. W. F. Radcliffe Goodridge, and Chevalley's French-English section, at $3.75. Separately, the French-English volume is $3.00; the English-French, $1.50.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York

Education under the Nazis

THE EDUCATIONAL PHILOSOPHY OF NATIONAL SOCIALISM. By George Frederick Kneller. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1941. 299 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLIN

DR. KNELLER'S severely objective and heavily documented study of national socialist education in theory and practice will probably not have as many readers as it deserves. There is little effort at dramatization or popularization of the very interesting material which the author has gathered from diligent research in the educational literature of the Third Reich, supplemented by observation of German schools in action.

Yet the book is more valuable and informative than many which have enjoyed a wider circulation than this study seems likely to achieve. There is an abundance of writing about national socialism; but much of it tends to fall into the opposed extreme categories of propaganda and indictment. Much of the writing about the ideology of national socialism assumes the form of caricature, rather than of objective study. Caricature has its place and extravagant exaggerations can legitimately be cited as evidence of the weaknesses of a system of thought.

Dr. Kneller has gone about his task with extraordinary and commendable thoroughness. He has delved into the works of Nazi educators whom few people in America have ever heard of, such as Bäumler, Hördt, and Benze; he has closely studied the Nazi gospel, "Mein Kampf," in its relation to education; he has made an interesting survey of the origins of the Nazi movement and ideology in sources as far removed as Fichte and the Wandervoegel, or German youth movement of pre-1914 days.

From this learned background emerges a picture of German education under the Nazis that bears striking resemblances and also some suggestive contrasts to the experiences of Russian education under the Soviets. Nazis and Communists are on common ground in their antipathy to intellectualism and individualism, in their denial of the academic freedom that has always been the ideal of the liberal society, in their insistence that education and science must serve political ends, in their scornful rejection of objectivity and of the ideal of search for truth as an end in itself.

Both educational systems are dominated by a mythical dogma, the Soviet by the cult of class, the Nazi by the cult of race, of "blood and soil." Both, as every ruling system must and will, have raised up apologists who try to defend irrationality in rational terms.

But one senses the same contrast in education as in economics. Where the Soviets began with root-and-branch destruction and then began to build on the ruins, the Nazis proceeded by the more gradual method of making schools and universities subservient to their ideological influence. Germany experienced no such disruption of old disciplines and old curricula as occurred in Russia during the twenties.

Religious teaching, the first thing to be abolished in the Soviet Union, is still given in the Nazi schools, although the author noticed a steady tendency to replace priests and ministers with members of the regular school staff. The Soviet schools made a clean sweep of the classics, whereas Latin remains a required subject in the German secondary schools.

But there have been significant changes in the German educational system, as the author shows. The teacher is supposed to be more of a Boy Scout leader and less of a pedagogue. Indeed the three qualifications for the Nazi teacher, as given by Mr. Kneller, presumably in a descending order of importance are:

(1) National Socialist Weltanschauung; (2) some ability in an athletic way; (3) an innate and active ability to teach the young.

National Socialist theory includes two tendencies that can easily become contradictory. There is the demand that the individual be submerged in the community, in the sense of identity with the race, that he give up to a large extent his own individual life. At the same time there is the recognition, in a society based on the leadership principle, that some must be trained for the role of leaders.

There has been an attempt to resolve this contradiction by creating Adolf Hitler schools, where boys who have displayed unusual capacity for leadership at the age of twelve are given six years of special training. Later the graduates of these schools may receive further training in the *Ordensburgen,* a romantic name suggested by the memories of the medieval Teutonic Knights.

That education, like every other phase of life in the Third Reich, is dominated by the cult of the exclusive superior race is evident from Mr. Kneller's book. Its technical efficiency, however, has stood up fairly well under the process, which makes the resultant product more formidable.

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(To Be Published April 9th)

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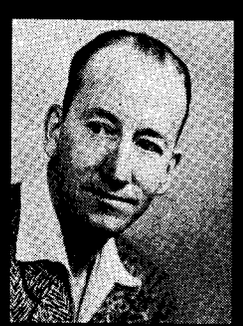
"Runs the entire gamut of American reader interest."—*Sterling North, Chicago News.* $2.50

By VARDIS FISHER

City of Illusion



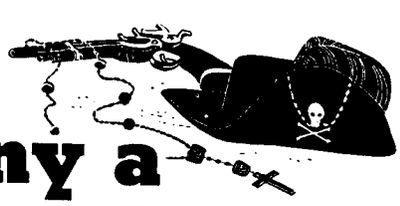
Let My People Go

By HENRIETTA BUCKMASTER

The dramatic story of the "underground railroad" and the Abolition Movement; revealing the exciting crusade to free negroes through illegal routes, and voicing a stirring denunciation of oppression in all its aspects. Says Louis Bromfield, in *N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books":* "An exciting and illuminating book which everyone who wishes to understand what this nation is, and why it is what it is, should read. A rich book, full of vitality as well as scholarly research." "It stirs the deeper reaches of our emotions."–*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Illustrated. $3.50

Sinclair Lewis says:

"Within five hours by aeroplane from Miami there is an enchanted web of islands less known to us than Finland or Stamboul. Even their names are strange: Saba, Dominica Tortola. Of these islands, the Antilles, I doubt if any one has ever written half so well as Mr. Glanville Smith in *Many a Green Isle* . . . He possesses the seeing eye that does not take in just tourist glimpses of mountains and palms and tiled roofs, but picks out the gorgeous Common People—market women, pious skippers of inter-island schooners, young fishermen, native women of a certain color and a certain genius with chicken and rice, and a thousand of their kindred. Glanville Smith has definitely enlarged our America." Gorgeously Illustrated. $3.50



Many a Green Isle

By GLANVILLE SMITH

HARPER & BROTHERS

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HOLT. HOLT. HOLT. HOLT. HOLT. HOLT. HOLT. HOLT. HOLT.

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Clifton
Fadiman and
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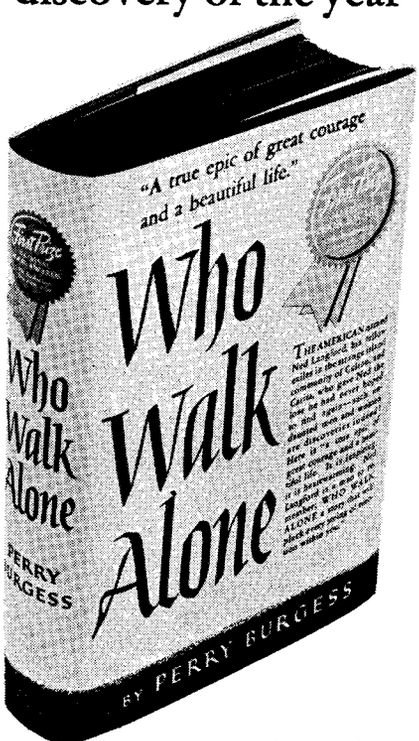
have just awarded another prize to "the discovery of the year"



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The Dream of China

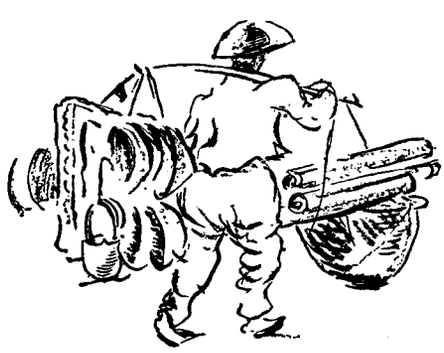
DAWN OVER CHUNGKING. By Adet, Anor, and Meimei Lin. New York: The John Day Co. 1941. 240 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by T. A. BISSON

IT has remained for the daughters of Lin Yutang (Adet is seventeen, Anor fourteen, and Meimei ten) to bring the war in China more vividly before the American reader than any of the many recent visitors to Chungking. In simple, unaffected words and phrases, they have directly transmitted the reality of a Japanese bombing raid. Their family sought peace and quiet in Peipei, a distant suburb of Chungking that had never been bombed. The first air raids there started even while they were settling down. They were driven to a farm house on the outskirts of the town, and then to a temple in the nearby hills. Even there they were followed. One feels their sense of helplessness, and their fierce rejoicing when one of the few Chinese planes brings down a visiting bomber.

There is the other side, too. Of the night when Anor cowered in her bed listening to the rats carry off her checkers—eleven of them, as she found the next morning. For a month the set of checkers was incomplete. Then the roof tumbled in from a bombing, and Anor's checkers were returned to her. "I decided the Japs were very queer, but could not tell whether they were for the mice or the men."

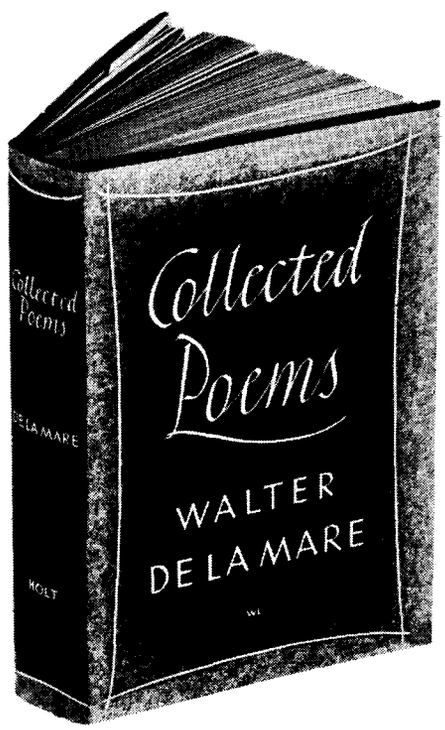
Toward the end of the summer much of Peipei, which they had come to cherish, was in ruins. But the story they tell is not only of bombing raids. There is the life of their friends in the town, and in the Buddhist temples in the mountains are the orphanages and hospitals. There are the visiting playwrights, guerrilla leaders, and other representatives of China at war. We see a fraction of the country in detail, and through it a glimpse of the whole. And at the end we share Adet's dream for a moment—of "China as an independent country," for which "men and women had struggled and died" since the Revolution of 1911.



From "Foreign Devils in the Flowery Kingdom."

HOLT. HOLT. HOLT. HOLT. HOLT. HOLT. HOLT. HOLT. HOLT.

"A kind of poetry that one could not do without." —*N.Y. TIMES*



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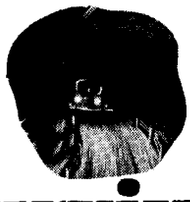

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"A new high in horror stories that belongs with *Frankenstein, Dracula,* and the best of Algernon Blackwood."—Newsweek. $2.50. 2ND PRINTING

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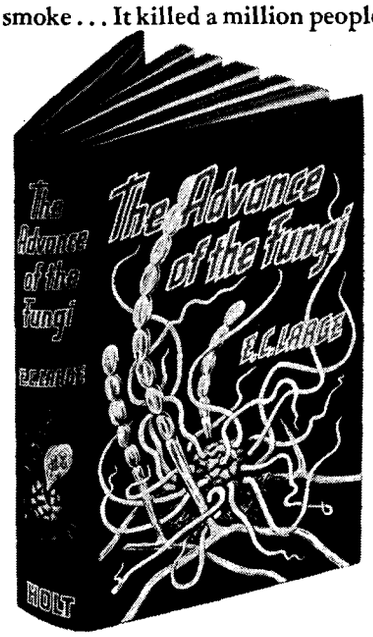
By RICHARD C. GILL

"A book about the magic, medicine, and pharmacopia of South American jungle Indians that will surprise you."—*Cue.* With 100 illustrations, $3.00. 3RD PRINTING

1846 was the year potatoes rotted as they grew...

STRICKEN by a blight that spread faster than cholera among men, almost the entire potato crop of Europe and Britain spoiled. In six days' time fields of abundant crops turned into a waste of putrefying vegetation.

They blamed it on everything from wet weather to locomotive smoke... It killed a million people in Ireland alone and hit Europe as hard as all the Napoleonic wars put together . . . Even when men with microscopes discovered that it was the fault of a fungus named *Botrytis Infestans* they still couldn't stop its spread or its destructiveness . . .



The great potato blight, its consequence, and its final cure is only one of many exciting chapters in the full story of man's battle with the minute enemies of his food supply—unremitting warfare captained by such geniuses as Charles Darwin and Louis Pasteur, and whose shock troops are the farmers whose crops first felt the devastation of wheat rust, phylloxera, wart disease, and leaf roll. Here is a book which does in its field what *Men Against Death* did for medicine and doctors.

"One of the most engaging scientific popularizations we've had in a long time.. Comprehensive, witty, simple but not too simple, and very well written."—*The New Yorker.* Profusely illustrated, 488 pages, $4.00

The Advance of the Fungi

By E. C. LARGE

INSIDE WAR STORY: While this book was being printed a German news story accused the British of dropping hordes of Colorado Beetles on the German potato crop. The truth is that German farmers could no longer get the chemical sprays which control these pests and fungi, and so make a potato crop in Europe possible at all.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
257 Fourth Avenue • New York
Canada: Oxford University Press, Toronto

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A list of great spring successes

Ambassador
DODD'S DIARY

edited by William E. Dodd, Jr. and Martha Dodd

"His book, filled with shocking revelations, speaks louder than he would possibly have dared. It is still not too late to listen to the truth as it shines out from this revealing document."
—*Saturday Review* *2nd big printing,* $3.50

NEGLEY FARSON'S book on modern Africa
Behind God's Back

"Even better than THE WAY OF A TRANSGRESSOR."— *N. Y. Times*

"Could not be more timely. It does for Africa what John Gunther has so ably done for Europe and Asia."— *St. Louis Globe Democrat*

3rd big printing, $3.50

My Sister and I
Diary of a Dutch Boy Refugee

By Dirk Van der Heide

"We would treasure a boy's diary out of 1775 or 1861 having the breath of the hour as this does."
— *Carl Sandburg* *35th thousand,* $1.00

William Saroyan's
MY NAME IS ARAM

A gay and tender book, everywhere acclaimed as Saroyan's best. "I should vote, indeed, for this story of an Armenian boyhood as the most truly American book of the year."
— *Henry Seidel Canby, Saturday Review*

200th thousand. A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. Illustrated, $2.50

WAYNE ANDREWS'S
The Vanderbilt Legend

"A family portrait of significance in American social history . . . Through these pages march and bluster, saunter and simper, dozens of characters of our vainglorious past."— *N. Y. Times Book Review.* *2nd printing.* *Illustrated,* $3.50

Jan Struther's book of poetry
The Glass-Blower

"England lives in these pages, and English poetry lives again at its deceptively simple best. Mrs. Miniver would love this book. So will very many of Mrs. Miniver's readers."— *Irwin Edman, N. Y. Herald Tribune. 4th printing,* $1.50

Enthusiastic tributes for—

HUDSON STRODE'S Finland Forever

Finland — "a model on which to start the world anew, the thri story of those strange, strong people who have wrought the no patterns of pure democracy into their design for living."

SIGRID UNDSET, Nobel Prize Winner

"You must read Hudson Strode's rich and many-sided book with the defiant title *Finland Forever.* He tells the story with moving eloquence."— *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books.*

THOMAS MANN, Nobel Prize Winner

"A book coming from the heart and going to the heart. It gives a wonderfully living picture of Finland."

CLIFTON FADIMAN, The New Yorker

"As warm and charming a travel book as you are likely to find, but also an intimate and thoroughgoing picture of the level-headed Finnish democracy at work. Superb photographs."

KATHERINE V

"This glowing book that has bee best book Hudso illuminating fact a noble lyricism

ELLEN GLASG

"I have been FOREVER. The of the mind and

MARJORIE KI

"A superb jol fully written, an

443 pages, with 32 full pages of gravure illustrati

THEIR FINEST HOU

First Hand Narratives of the War in England edited by Li London correspondents, Allan A. Michie and Walter Graebi Illustrated by Life's staff photographers.

The personal narratives in this volume represent a notable advan in journalism's technique of reporting war. Prior to May, 1940, th standard method of newspapers and magazines was to send famou reporters into the war zone and let them tell what they saw and hear But such war correspondents almost never got into the thick of th fighting and their second-hand reports were generally long on gris adjectives and grim adverbs and short on the plain human facts battle.

This book contains sixteen dramatic accounts by men and wome who conduct right now the crucial operations in the defense Britain. The fighter pilot tells how he fights over London; the bomb pilot how he bombs the Ruhr; the submarine commander how h sinks a German transport; the A.F.S. man how he fights fires; and th ordinary civilians, men and women, how they conduct themselves the hour of battle.

The primary appeal of this collection is that it answers our que tions of what a modern war is really like behind the scenes.

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Book Review
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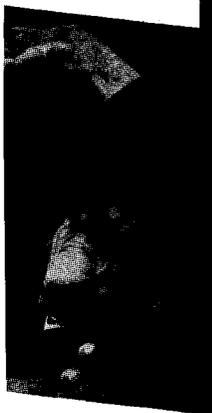

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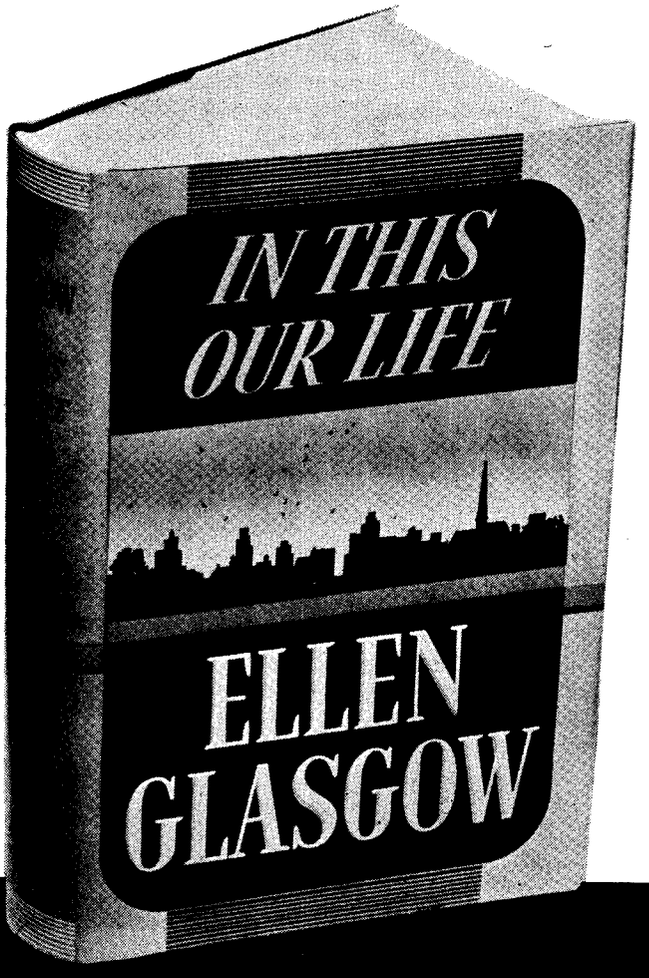
otographs,
$2.50

ELLEN GLASGOW'S

dramatic novel of modern times

VAN WYCK BROOKS: "The strong rhythm caught me up at the very first sentence and carried me along like the Mississippi, such effortless perfection! How could she ever have done a finer book than this, or how could any living writer!"



J. DONALD ADAMS, front-page review, New York Times:
"IN THIS OUR LIFE is a book for our time because at its core is an attitude, or better, a conviction, to which men and women today must hold if they are to live effectively in the world we face . . . The book builds up with a mounting intensity to a culminating scene which is one of the finest Miss Glasgow has ever written . . . Each new book, this one included, has added its cubit to her stature."

MAY LAMBERTON BECKER, front-page review, New York Herald Tribune:
"She has created slowly, with long, enriching intervals between masterpieces, her successive novels of character and comedies of manners . . . She has never given the world an unworthy work nor a dull one. She has told the truth with the delightful ironic merriment of an understanding friend. Here she tells for future historians the truth about this our troubled life today."

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TWO NEW BOOKS BY

H.V. Morton

LONDON

The author of "In Search of England" pictures the London he knew and loved in the days before the present war—the spell of London by night, the heart of the Old City, the hidden Courts and Byways, the Londoners themselves, etc. With photographs and a special introduction about the London of today and tomorrow. $3.00

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A feminine picture gallery unmatched in the whole of literature. From Eve to Pilate's Wife, the author has presented the women of the Bible with that startling realness and modernity which has distinguished his earlier books, "In the Steps of the Master," "Through Lands of the Bible," etc. $2.00

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By William Oliver Stevens

A new book about the Great Valley of Virginia, with visits to Winchester, Staunton, Lexington, Charlottesville, White Sulphur Springs, Natural Bridge, the caverns, and by-excursions to other interesting sites and scenes, including the Skyline Drive. Packed with legend, history and anecdote of yesterday and today; also practical advice for tourists. With many pen sketches by the author and a frontispiece in color. $3.00

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CHARLESTON: Historic City of Gardens
OLD WILLIAMSBURG AND HER NEIGHBORS
ANNAPOLIS: Anne Arundel's Town

RENO The Biggest Little City in the World

By Max Miller

One of the most interesting spots in America here sits for its verbal portrait in Max Miller's racy prose—a portrait that includes not merely the divorce courts, but the legend and color of the whole fabulous scene, its picturesque characters of yesterday and today, the Comstock, Lake Tahoe, etc. A shrewd book that gets close to the genuine human stuff behind the hullabaloo. *Second printing.* $3.00

At all bookstores

DODD, MEAD & CO., 432 4th Ave., N. Y.

Southern Autobiography

LANTERNS ON THE LEVEE. Recollections of a Planter's Son. By William Alexander Percy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 348 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM JAY GOLD

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY was born in Greenville, on the Mississippi Delta, in 1885. That was one year before Henry W. Grady made his famous speech called "The New South"—a phrase used many times since to mean many different things. Grady pleaded for an end to sectional hatred and asked the South to look ahead rather than backward and he argued that the South's agricultural economy ought to be leavened with industry so that the region could end its colonial dependence on the manufacturing North. Men still find it necessary to beg for realism and a balanced economy in the South.

If we are to judge by his autobiography, Mr. Percy seems to have been born with the foreknowledge that he would have to live in a fading twilight. The South he knew still showed vestiges of what was once America's most gracious civilization, but the dark was falling fast in a world that had become "poor in spirit and common as hell." The corruption of defeat was in the very air that he breathed, and his was the bitter knowledge that his quarrel was with an enemy who would not give battle.

It was not only the old South that had perished, leaving nothing but ignoble heirs; it was, he soon discovered, the whole world: "The North destroyed my South; Germany destroyed my world." "In our brave new world a man of honor is rather like the Negro—there's no place for him to go." From Greenville he has looked out on the world, and everywhere found the "bottom rail on top."

But before full dark come the glories of sunset, and the story told in "Lanterns on the Levee" of a little boy growing up to be a Southern gentleman is full of charm. He recalls for us the robust people who were his ancestors: colorful and tempestuous and beautiful people who moved with sureness of step and certainty of conviction through a tradition they knew and helped form. A small boy living in rural Mississippi and Virginia learned all kinds of country lore from Negro playmates. For additional schooling there were private tutors, rugged and earnest individuals, from whom one could get a love of nature as well as a grounding in literature. There were steamboats and Negroes, the river and its levees, political gatherings with mint julep and high talk, and family dinners with food and stories. It was proper for the well bred to be poor and to own land, to love and care for the Negro but to distrust and scorn the uncouth rednecks and pecker-woods who were filtering into the Delta and making a farce of white supremacy.

Mr. Percy's formal schooling was accomplished at the University of the South, popularly called Sewanee ("because it was fairly near and healthy and genteel and inexpensive"), where his love of nature and poetry deepened and his formerly steadfast Catholic faith vaguely dissipated. There followed a year spent abroad, and then three years at Harvard Law School. Back in Greenville, Mr. Percy practised law with his father and began to write poetry in earnest. (Four volumes of his poetry have been published, but "Lanterns on the Levee" does not speak of them except in passing.) He campaigned with his father in a losing fight for reëlection to the United States Senate; with his father he fought the Ku Klux Klan in Greenville and saw it defeated at the polls; in the disastrous flood of 1927 he was chairman of the town's relief headquarters. A number of times he traveled abroad, and he was with the A. E. F. overseas during the war.

After his father's death he took over the management of Trail Lake, the plantation which employed nearly six hundred people. He has now retired from the practice of law as well as from the active management of the plantation; his chief interest is his garden. But in Greenville he is still the one to whom white and black, rich and poor, come for advice, encouragement, money, and wisdom in living.

All through "Lanterns on the Levee" there runs a note of nostalgia, a longing not only for the old South, but for a time remembered only in legend and dream, when nobleness walked

(*Continued on page* 26)

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Richard Pryne

by Cyril Harris

He was George Washington's most daring spy. His story "has the suspense that is part of every secret service narrative and is a stirring, romantic and interesting tale as well."—*Boston Transcript. Second Printing.* $2.50

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Here's a First Class Whodunit

"Gold!"—Sat. Review

The Fog Comes

by Mary Collins

Readers who like thrills and laughter have gobbled up 2 printings of this "swift and shivery puzzlement."—*Will Cuppy.* $2.00

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"Here are the Gold-Rush days of California . . . the book moves along with the rip-roaring pace of that mad era."—*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.75

★

And Here's Another Baffler

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by Alice Campbell

"Amusing and eerie," says the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* of this story of an American girl in a borrowed English cottage with a grisly tenant. $2.00

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Another Night, Another Day

by John Klempner

"A sparkling and intelligent novel which you will greet with open arms . . . Mr. Klempner is one of the best chroniclers of today's 'everyday' scene. And the chroniclers are too few in number."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.* $2.50

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Selected Poems

by John Peale Bishop

"His taste and feeling are always unimpeachable; he appeals . . . at once to the senses and the intellect."—*Louise Bogan in the New Yorker.* $2.00

★

Sir William Phips

Treasure Fisherman and Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony

by Alice Lounsbery

A full-length and fascinating biography of the famous—and notorious—Colonial statesman-adventurer. *Illustrated.* $3.00

Among the Best of the New Books

Completely and Thoroughly American

Pillar to Post

by HENRY H. CURRAN

Chief Magistrate, New York City

Filled with good stories, humor, wisdom and pointed pen-pictures of men and women famous and notorious, this autobiography of New York City's Chief Magistrate has something cheerful, inspiring, dramatic, and interesting on every page for every reader.

As the story of an uphill struggle to success it has qualities peculiarly and endearingly American. As the record of a career spent largely in the tumultuous arena of New York municipal politics it covers several decades of the most colorful era in metropolitan life—from the lusty Aldermanic days down to the present. *Illustrated.* $3.00

For Six Months a Leader in Fiction

Ernest Hemingway's For Whom the Bell Tolls

Since its publication no other novel published in America has reached such a wide and enthusiastic audience. Now well past its Second Half Million* "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is every day adding hundreds of new readers who enjoy "a great love story," "a tense story of adventure in war," "an enduring experience close to the heart of humanity" and "our best writer's best book." $2.75

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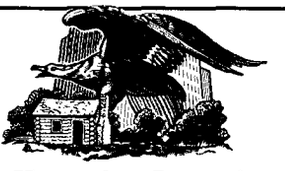

The Hero in America

by Dixon Wecter

author of "The Saga of American Society"

The story of the men around whom American legend has been built: who the builders were, how the legends grew, their truth, their falsity, their effect on the ideas and ideals of American manhood and womanhood. A keen and searching analysis of the American temperament as shown through the men we have chosen as our heroes; a book full of interesting, odd and amusing facts. *Illustrated.* $3.50

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He lived four centuries ago, but his amazing prophecies foretold, say many interpreters, the airplane, the submarine and the present World War. *Fifth Printing Now Ready.* $2.00

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America's Garden Book

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Louise and James Bush-Brown

1222 pages, washable binding. $3.50

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Compiled by the New York Herald Tribune Home Institute

Over 3000 recipes, 1005 pages. $2.50

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Big Old Sun

A NOVEL OF THE FLORIDA KEYS BY

ROBERT FAHERTY

Sterling North compares it to "The Yearling"

"Almost as tough as 'The Postman Always Rings Twice,' and almost as sensitive and rich with Florida folklore as 'The Yearling.' Add the fact that this novelist is a promising young stylist who knows how to construct a story and you can see why the book is exciting wide interest."

—and here's what Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings says:

(*IN THE SATURDAY REVIEW*)

"The story is as harsh as the midsummer Florida sun. It is raw with hate and lust and greed and killing. Yet it has the naturalness and inevitability of a tropical storm . . . Any reader who can be charmed by color, by a restrained style, by the eddyings of stark human nature against the elements, will find here a definite enchantment."

At All Booksellers $2.50

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

2 West 45th Street • New York

"Lanterns on the Levee"

(*Continued from page* 24)

the earth and grandeur invested the hills and valleys, when majesty was man's everyday garment. He, too, has heard far off the horn of Roland in the passage of Spain, and has grieved that we do not hear it today. A great many of Mr. Percy's poems, it is worth noting, have thirteenth century themes. Small wonder that he has watched the passing scene with sorrow if not with scorn, small wonder that he has found today's battles mean and bemeaning. The single exception is his experience during the World War; then, although he hated the war, he says "That short period of my life spent in the line is the only one I remember step by step —as if it moved *sub specie aeternitatis.*"

"Lanterns on the Levee" is a beautifully written book; Mr. Percy's prose has dignity and vigor and style; and in every sentence he writes his own character is manifest. The book is rich in anecdotes well told and in people well portrayed. As autobiography it has few equals in recent books. It gives voice forthrightly to the faith of its author, and no one who wants to understand the conflicts in the South today can afford to neglect reading it.

As a commentary on the Southern scene the book will certainly be quoted in many places as giving the proper retort to those who believe with President Roosevelt that the South is Economic Problem No. 1, and that the sharecropper system is "infamous."

William Jay Gold is editor of The Virginia Quarterly Review.

Author, Author!

Trouble among Ghosts. Ending a dispute of long standing as to who actually wrote "Dry Guillotine," by *René Belbenoit,* the story of Belbenoit's experiences in the French penal colony in Guiana, *William LaVarre* won a decision in the Supreme Court of New York in an action brought by *Preston Rambo.* The decision established that the substantial part of "Dry Guillotine" was created by Mr. LaVarrre, using translations from French notes by one Colonel Sigaud as well as some material and translations by Mr. Rambo. The authenticity of Belbenoit's experiences was not in question—just the matter of who wrote them down. Mr. LaVarre also won $2,500 in damages for the libelous character of a letter written by Mr. Rambo concerning the publication. Writing on Latin America for the North American Newspaper Alliance is Mr. LaVarre's regular job.

Authorship Pays. *Philip Wiener,* who leads a double life as "Stephen Longstreet" and "Thomas Burton," has sold two novels to the movies, for whopping sums. As Stephen Longstreet he sold "The Golden Touch" from the manuscript to 20th Century-Fox for $25,000. Then, four months later, "The Gay Sisters," which will be published in the fall, was bought by Warner Brothers for $35,000. The author has gone to Hollywood to work on the picture, which will have Bette Davis and Mary Astor in it. As Thomas Burton, Mr. Wiener is writing a series of novels of American life.

Cupid Marquand. *J. P. Marquand* met a friend, a Boston bachelor, who had just read "H. M. Pulham, Esq." Though he is modest about his own work Mr. Marquand kept the conversation going by showing a polite interest in his friend's reactions to the novel. He was amused to learn that the bachelor found it beautifully done, but the story, he said, depressed him greatly since the leading character reminded him too much of himself. A couple of weeks later the author found his friend in high spirits. He pointed out that the bachelor seemed to have recovered from his depression. "Indeed I have—I've gotten myself engaged."—"That's fine. What's she like?" The bachelor beamed. "You'll be pleased. She's just like Marvin Myles in 'H. M. Pulham, Esq.'" Mr. Marquand did not remind him that Marvin Myles is the advertising gal in the story who finally does *not* marry Pulham.

Erin Go Bragh. *Tommy Chisholm,* novelist and essayist, caused a near Sinn Fein riot when he walked into the office of Anne Ford, publicity gal for Little, Brown, on March 17th. The loyal Miss Ford had a pot of shamrocks on her desk. "What in the world," the author asked innocently, "are you doing with the clover, Miss Ford?"

EUGENE ARMFIELD.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 366)

F. D. ROOSEVELT:

*MR. JUSTICE HOLMES**

Mr. Justice Holmes believed passionately in the moral worth of the individual regardless of race or religion or the accident of antecedents. He . . . believed in the unfettered spirit without which man cannot live a civilized life.

*(Tribute on the 100th anniversary of Holmes's birth, March 8, 1941).

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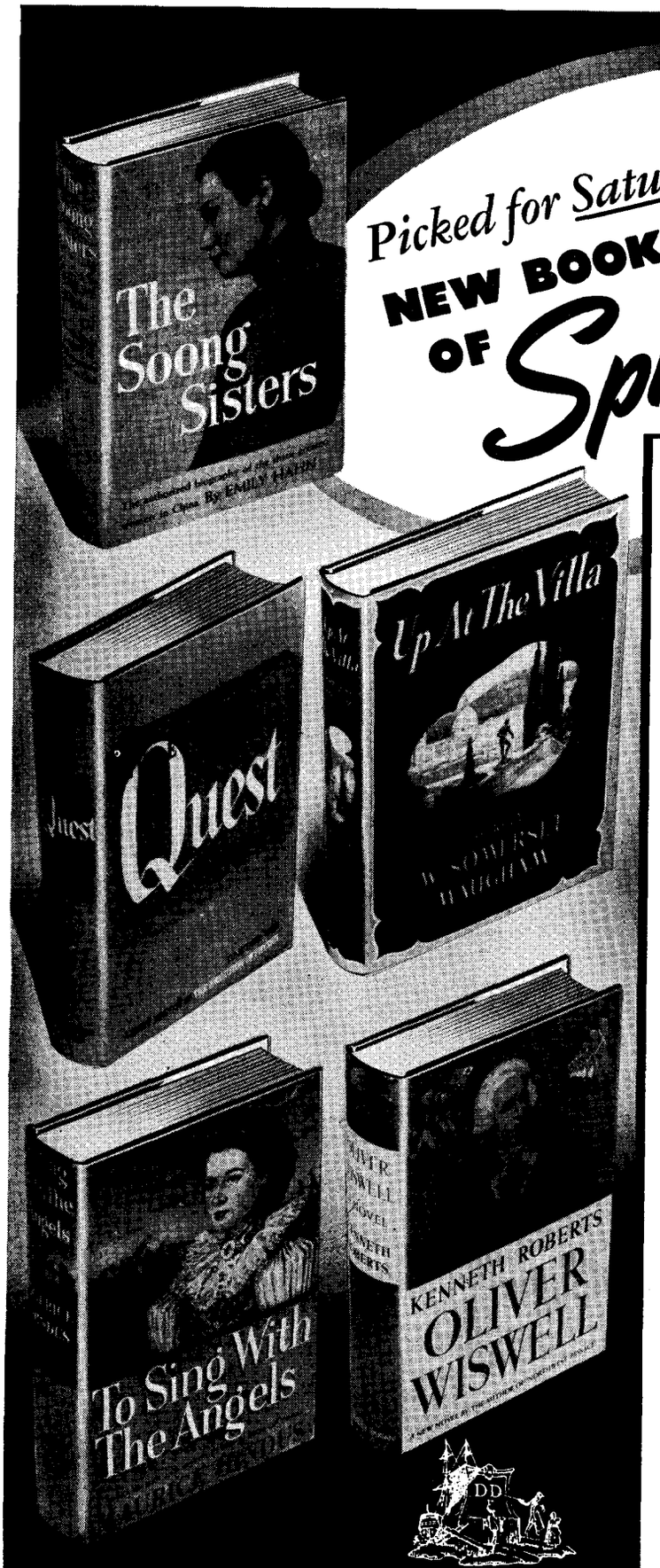

Picked for Saturday Review Readers

NEW BOOKS FOR YOUR LIST OF *Spring Reading*

Check your reading . . . are you missing some of the year's most significant books? Check this list now . . . phone or visit your bookseller today!

☐ **EMILY HAHN** tells, in **THE SOONG SISTERS,** the heart-warming story of the three sisters who rule China—Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Madame Kung, and Madame Sun Yat-sen. *April 18th,* $3.00

☐ **LEOPOLD INFELD. QUEST: THE EVOLUTION OF A SCIENTIST.** "An enthralling human document, which discloses the flowering of an original mind in the face of hardship, frustration, and temporary defeat."—Waldemar Kaempfert, *Saturday Review.* $3.00

☐ **W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM** tells a long story in the great tradition of *Rain,* of a beautiful woman's indiscretion and its effect upon the lives of three men who loved her. **UP AT THE VILLA.** $1.75

☐ **MAURICE HINDUS,** in his powerful, 586-page novel **TO SING WITH THE ANGELS,** gives all freedom-loving people a message of hope straight from the heart of captive Europe. $2.75

☐ **KENNETH ROBERTS'** stirring novel, **OLIVER WISWELL,** is a book you will *enjoy.* 836 pages of reading entertainment. $3.00

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☐ **HUBERT SKIDMORE,** in **HAWK'S NEST,** writes a powerfully moving novel of migratory workers who died by hundreds at Gauley Bridge of silicosis. $2.50

☐ **HAROLD RUGG** tells the story of his 22-year struggle against the forces of reaction in education. **THAT MEN MAY UNDERSTAND.** $2.75

☐ **A. P. HERBERT** presents a book of amusing verses that show between the lines the determination of England at war. **SIREN SONG.** $1.50

☐ **ANNA BRAND** in her splendid novel **THUNDER BEFORE SEVEN,** pictures one of the greatest pages in American history—the revolt of Texas against Mexico. $2 50

☐ **EDGCUMB PINCHON** tells the authentic story of Mexico's most colorful guerrilla fighter in **ZAPATA THE UNCONQUERABLE.** $3.00

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Hypothetical Hero

HE MIGHT HAVE SAVED FRANCE. By Marguerite Joseph-Maginot. Translated by Allan Updegraff. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 310 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ERNEST DUPUY

ANDRÉ MAGINOT, "the good giant," six feet, six inches of Garguantian Lorraine stock, was typical *"petit bourgeois de France,"* it seems. As one reads this recital of Maginot the boy and man, Maginot the simple soldier, the man of the people, the real flavor of the peaceful French country life makes what has happened over there in the last eight months all the more unbelievable.

This is no story of the engineer who wrought to make his country safe. It is, rather, the story of a man. In one way, it is too bad that André Maginot's sister has not gone further into the reasoning that activated the sponsor of the famous and ill-fated "Line." Instead, she has tried to put on paper the doting of a younger sister for the brother who has evidently been her hero since she was able to remember. Mr. Updegraff has done an excellent job of translation.

Steeped in the atmosphere of the eastern frontier, André Maginot from earliest life was indoctrinated in the hatred and fear of the German invader. Educated for the Council of State, the young Maginot shortly after his military service had been completed went to Algeria as a minor official, where as they said, "he got things done."

Later, as a deputy and as an undersecretary of war Maginot fought for the continuance of the three-year service law designed to keep France's military strength intact. A deputy in 1914, he went on mobilization to his regiment, the 44th Territorial Infantry, as a private soldier.

"On the eve of action," wrote Maginot in his diary at that time, "a man does not argue about the superiority of his people. He affirms it."

Private Maginot did affirm it. The exploits of the *Section d'Elite du Sergeant Maginot* take up a good deal of interesting space in the book. Badly wounded in one of the many daredevil excursions of his little group of scouts, Maginot's military career was soon over, but not until he had been rewarded by the Medaille Militaire, France's highest award for heroism.

Again in politics, Maginot at the conclusion of the war fought first against the Versailles Treaty, later against the Locarno accords. As secretary of war he brought about the construction of the famous Maginot Line, and was incessant in his demands that France be prepared. One hopes that there are still some of the Maginot breed in France.

Highspots in Exploration

HIGHROAD TO ADVENTURE. An Anthology. Edited by Earl P. Hanson. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 591 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

EARL P. HANSON, distinguished member of the eminent Explorers Club, has left the imprints of his engineering prowess and geographer's curiosity upon not a few areas in the Back of Beyond and along the Edge of Nowhere. He is therefore ably qualified to compile an anthology for those who enjoy traveling the "Highroad to Adventure," either vicariously or actually. That is what he has done in a thick volume crammed full of thrills which will gratify the lustiest.

Except for Mr. Hanson's own account of the building of the Madeira-Mamore Railroad through the blackest heart of the Brazilian jungles, "Highroad to Adventure" is a carefully edited collection of reprints of exciting stories by such famed adventurers as Winston Churchill, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Sir Hubert Wilkins, T. E. Lawrence, Sir Ernest Shackleton, Vincent Sheean, and 14 others. And for good measure, the anthologist has included accounts from Pizarro's "Conquest of Peru" (by Prescott) and Richard Henry Dana's thrilling voyage "Around the Horn."

Collectively, they show you vividly how competent, intelligent men meet challenges of High Destiny and extricate themselves from perilous situations in fetid jungles, amidst war, in the shifting sands of the desert, above the snow-buried crags of Mount Everest, in fog-bound heavens, below the surface of the ocean, among the bleak, sub-zero Arctic wastes, and elsewhere beyond far horizons.

Mr. Hanson says he expects "a dozen brick-bats for having included so-and-so and omitted somebody else" from "Highroad to Adventure."

I, for one, am tossing Mr. Hanson a bouquet—and I think you will, too, after traveling the Highroad to Adventure with him.

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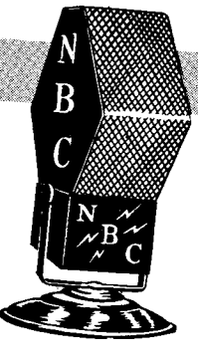

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Verse and the Times

THE LISTENING LANDSCAPE. By Marya Zaturenska. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 87 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

UNTIL Marya Zaturenska was awarded the Pulitzer Prize about two years ago, her critics were of two sorts: those who patronized her work and those who, with even greater condescension, were ignorant of it. "Clear and cold" was the report of the more superficial, and, with few exceptions, even those who admitted the poet's precise gift found her "detached," "abstract," "removed from the immediate world." Only the stubbornly predetermined will be able to repeat the charge of aloofness after "The Listening Landscape"; all but the most prejudiced will have to concede the instinctive warmth beneath the smooth exterior, the prevailing and penetrative glow.

The new poems show an ever-increasing sympathy and attachment; they imply it when they do not actually say it. "Interview in Midsummer" is an uncanny trance-like monologue, but what is unsaid is envisioned in any woman's universe; "In Hostile Lands All Tongues Were Alien" is as timely as it is compassionate; "Girl's Song" is a lyric of bittersweet grace; "The White Dress" is an extraordinary evocation, the growth of a symbol from haunting beauty to horrible possession; "Century of Athletes," is an eloquent summons of the wraith of Kafka, "the shadow-eaten Jew"; the title poem is unforgettable in its silent tensity; "The Lovers" is, in its skilful repetitions and contrapuntal images, one of the most musical and richly moving love-poems of our time.

The ripe communication and the sure craft go hand in hand, particularly in the sudden contrast of word and mood, scene and sense. "Watchers in the Sacred Wood" is a hushed rite performed among wide-winding terraces, massive rocks, high tumbling water; the next poem, "The Seance," is a backstreet ritual in a drab room, with a plain table and fading yellow curtains. "The Thread of Ariadne," "Envoy to Aurora," "The Casket of Pandora," and the magnificent "Head of Medusa" bring fresh life to mythological figures, not merely reanimating a legend but creating a new and complex character. For proof one need only observe the slowly mounting force of the last named poem, the monster hating itself and the woman waiting fearfully yet hopefully for the deliverer who can bring nothing but death, and for whom her serpents stir. The poem, pitched toward its climax, pauses and balances itself on a quivering point of suspense—

> And now the end nears. Through steelpoint warm blood
> Shall flow in purification. Her world made clean and good,
> Through pain the Immortal's hatred is withstood.
> Even now in the gold shield
> One faces her, his life-blood uncongealed . . .

Critics will be tempted to define this poet's simple yet subtle accent, to fix her "place" and to trace her "influences." The last are far to seek. The surface of Miss Zaturenska's work is conventional, she uses all the properties of traditional verse; yet she follows no school, adheres to no convention. Her transfigured images and personal living landscapes sometimes call to mind the English poet Ruth Pitter, to whom Miss Zaturenska dedicates one of her most spontaneous poems; but her poetry is like that of no one writing on either side of the Atlantic. Without limiting itself to a program, the poetry is distinctly of these times and yet occupied with a sense of timelessness. Superficially these lyrics may seem to be pastoral-historical—the jacket is not far wrong in mentioning Marvell, Waller, and Clare—but the synthesis is new: a combination of delicate observation and modern vision, of sharp personality and shadowed allegory. In spirit as well as substance this half-musing, half-singing verse has a form of its own, a pure shape rare at any time, rarer than ever today. But it is not the cold purity of crystal. It is the purity of fire, of a quiet but intense flame.

Lotte Jacobi

Marya Zaturenska

OPEN HOUSE. By Theodore Roethke. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1941. 70 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by W. H. AUDEN

BOTH in life and art the human task is to create a necessary order out of an arbitrary chaos. A *necessary* order implies that the process of its creation is not itself arbitrary; one is not free to create *any* order one chooses. The order realized must, in fact, have been already latent in the chaos, so that successful creation is a process of discovery. As long as this remains latent and unconscious, conscious life must appear arbitrary; one grows up in the degree to which this unconscious order becomes conscious and its potentialities developed, to the degree that one's life ceases to be arbitrary, to the degree that one becomes both conscious of and true to one's fate. An artist is someone who is able to express his human development in a public medium.

A work of art, like a life, can fail in two different ways: either, in terror of admitting that there is any chaos, it takes refuge in some arbitrary conscious order it has acquired ready-made from others or thought up itself on the spur of the moment, some order which, because it ignores the chaos that exists can do nothing with it but suppress it; or, lacking the courage and the faith to believe that it is possible and a duty to bring the chaos to order, it contents itself with a purely passive idolization of the flux. In poetry, the first attitude leads to a lifeless academic rhetoric; the second to the formless, the vague, the nonsensical and boring stream-of-consciousness.

A good poet can be recognized by his tense awareness of both chaos and order, the arbitrary and the necessary, the fact and the pattern: as Angelus Silesius says:—

> Fuerwahr, wer diese Welt
> Recht nimmt in Augenschein,
> Muss bald Democritus,
> Bald Heraclitus sein.

By such a test, Mr. Roethke is instantly recognizable as a good poet. He is well aware of "Confusion's core set deep within," "The ugly of the universe," "the menace of ancestral eyes," and their terrifying laughter rumbling in one's belly. He is willing to acknowledge the facts of suffering, "the rubbish of confusion," whether it is his own or that of others, the poor and those unfortunate ones for whom

> Acceleration is their need:
> A mania keeps them on the move
> Until the toughest nerves are frayed.

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They are the prisoners of speed
Who flee in what their hands have made

because he knows that "A scratch forgotten is a scratch infected," but he is not content to lie down and blubber, but accepts them as a challenge:

With these I match my little wit
And earn the right to stand or sit,
Hope, love, create, or drink and die:
These shape the creature that is I.

The anger will endure,
The deed will speak the truth
In language strict and pure.
I stop the lying mouth:
Rage warps my clearest cry
To witless agony.

Many people have the experience of feeling physically soiled and humiliated by life; some quickly put it out of their mind, others gloat narcissistically on its unimportant details; but both to remember and to transform the humiliation into something beautiful, as Mr. Roethke does, is rare. Every one of the lyrics in this book, whether serious or light, shares the same kind of ordered sensibility: "Open House" is completely successful.

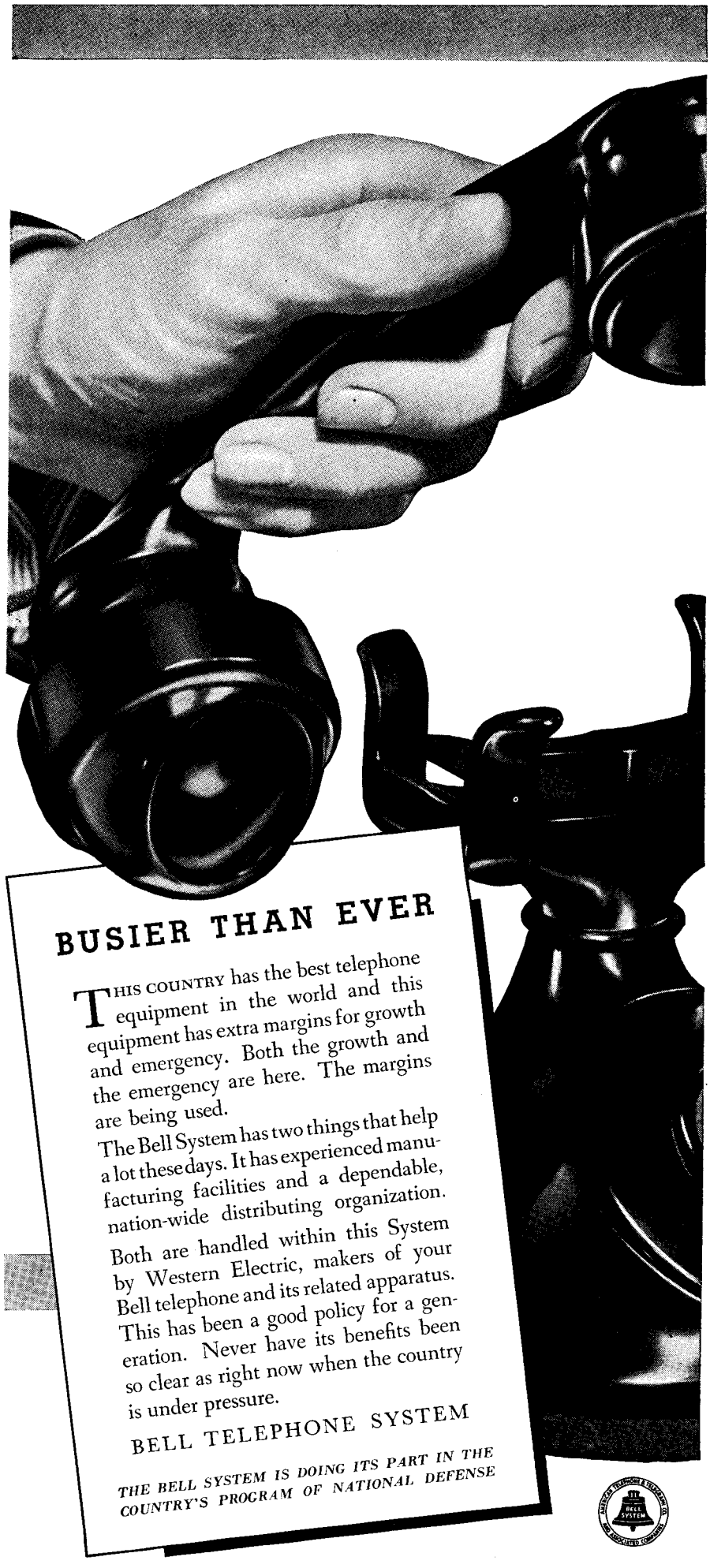
The only question which remains, and it concerns the poet rather than the reader, is; "Where is Mr. Roethke to go from here? Having mastered, with the help of Herrick, Marvell, and Blake, a certain style of expression, how is he to develop it, to escape being confined to short, and usually iambic, lyrics?"

It is possible, I think, that Mr. Roethke is trusting too much to diction, to the poetic instrument itself, to create order out of chaos. For poetry is only an instrument; it can be sharpened, but it cannot by itself widen the area of experience with which it deals. Poe was quite right in saying that an interest in poetry alone, can only produce short lyrics, but wrong, I think, in concluding from this that only short lyrics are poetry. It is possible that Mr. Roethke has read quite enough English poetry for a bit, and should now read not only the poetry of other cultures, but books that are neither poetry nor about poetry. For every artist must be like one of his own characters who

. . . cried at enemies undone
And longed to feel the impact of defeat.

Otherwise he may be in danger of certain experiences becoming compulsive, and of either, like Emily Dickinson and A. E. Housman, playing more and more variations on an old theme, cr, like Rimbaud, of coming to the end of his experiences and ceasing to write.

But this, as I have said, is Mr. Roethke's problem, not ours. In "Open House" he has already done more than enough to make us lastingly happy and grateful.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WHETHER it is *erotica* or *literature* is something that only time can tell. Some critics have resented its frankness and its theme, but they have been in the minority. With few exceptions this book has been accepted as a powerful story of human aberration, told with delicacy and good taste. *John Cowper Powys,* for instance, says: "I believe that it is overpowering and profoundly true. It is the work of pure genius." *Marianne Hauser,* of the *New York Times Book Review,* adds: "In writing of erotic abnormalities he has to struggle against tradition and traditional tact . . . there is color, dramatic strength and strange unforgettable passion." And the *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books* says: "Explores the vast canyons of abnormality with heart and mind as well . . . The intention of the author is to show that abnormality and normality are divided by a shadow, not a stone wall."

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Almanac for Spring Reading

AMY LOVEMAN

April 4

◆ Selden Rodman's long-heralded *The Airmen,* a poetical chronicle of man's attempts at flight from Icarus to Lindbergh and his contemporaries, makes its appearance. Readers of *The Saturday Review* have had a sample of this narrative poem in its pages. ◆ John Strachey swings away from the left in *A Faith to Fight For,* a blast against the totalitarian states. ◆ *Japan Unmasked,* by Hallett Abend, won't pass the censors of Germany and Russia by a long shot. ◆ Letters written to their American friends during the first ten months of England's war by F. Tennyson Jesse and her husband, H. M. Harwood, make their appearance in a book entitled *London Front.* ◆ The erudite Mr. Allen Tate presents some of his opinions on contemporary literature in a volume of critical essays, *Reason in Madness.* ◆ The frontier moves westward and southward in Clark McMeekin's robust novel of a family migration from New York state to the newly opened Kentucky, *Reckon With the River.* Indians, hardships, and indomitable pluck give the story tang. ◆ Something fresh in the way of a study of adolescence comes off the press in Daniel Lundberg's *River Rat,* a tale of youth and confusion. ◆ A famous hero of China's heroic age and his paramour move through a richly tapestried past in Frank Owen's *The Scarlet Hill.* ◆ One of the most delightful of contemporary English satirists and light versifiers mingles grace and gay in A. P. Herbert's collection of wartime poems, aptly titled *Siren Song.* ◆ Their college and academic life are mirrored for fair Harvard's sons in Kenneth Payson Kempton's *So Dream All Night.* ◆ Harold Rugg, whose books have so often been cause for battle among educators, recounts his efforts to introduce unvarnished studies of American life into the schools in *That Man May Understand: an American in the Long Armistice.* ◆ Somerset Maugham turns off a delightful trifle with his usual consummate craftsmanship in *Up at the Villa,* a novelette in which moonlight and beauty and the city of Florence combine to work a spell. ◆ The movies have already earmarked for Robert Taylor, Edgcumb Pinchon's *Zapata, the Unconquerable,* a biography of Mexico's popular leader written with animation.

April 5

◆ One of the finest of contemporary Russian novels, *And Quiet Flows the Don,* finds a sequel in *The Don Flows Home to the Sea* which carries the tale of a group of Cossacks to a tragic and dramatic climax. ◆ The Princeton University Press breaks into fiction with the amusing *The Gang's All Here,* by Harvey Smith, whose twenty-fifth reunioners of dear old Nostalgic College would warm the heart of Mr. Marquand's Bo-jo Brown. ◆ The Florida Keys serve as background to a variation of the Robinsoe Crusoe theme in *Mercy Island,* by Theodore Pratt. ◆ Admirers of Van Wyck Mason in his incarnation as a writer of mystery stories can rejoice with mighty rejoicing at getting *The Washington Legation Murders, The Honkong Air-base Murders,* and *The Singapore Exile Murders* neatly bundled together in *Military Intelligence—8.* ◆ C. B. S.'s Ed Murrow, whose nightly broadcasts have furnished some of the most vivid pictures of beleaguered England, presents a selection of them in *This Is London!* They stand up remarkably well in book form. ◆ The novel of several generations of family life takes on exotic color in Brigid Knight's bustling South African saga, *Walking the Whirlwind.*

April 8

◆ Eight American novelists, all of them of the hard-spoken school except Marquand, are put through their literary paces in Joseph Warren Beach's interesting study, *American Fiction, 1920-1940.* ◆ John De Meyer strikes out at New England's conservative aristocracy in *Bright Was Their Destiny.* ◆ A Columbia professor takes to crime with the publication of Harrison R. Steeve's first venture into mystery fiction, *Good Night, Sheriff.* ◆ The indefatigable Robert P. Tristram Coffin publishes another novel. *Thomas-Thomas-Ancil-Thomas* is designed to show the perpetuation of the father-son pattern.

April 9

◆ Richard Shattuck offers in *The Snark Is a Boojum* a mystery story at once ingenious and amusing. ◆ War, patriotism, conscientious objection, and love woven into a dramatic tale, with as hero a man just returned from the hell of Dunkirk, unite in Eric Knight's *This Above All* to make one of the outstanding novels of the month.

April 10

◆ Armchair travellers are invited to vicarious adventure in the jungles of Dutch Guiana in Nicol Smith's *Bush Master.* ◆ Heywood Broun, from his undergraduate contributions to Har-

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vard journals to his last column, is sampled in *The Collected Edition of Heywood Broun* by his son, the Heywood III of his father's frequent references. The real Heywood Broun, both in his good humor and his powerful indignation, is here. ◆ Unorthodox estimates of literary giants, couched in unorthodox language, lend a startling quality to Edward Dahlberg's *Do These Bones Live.* ◆ *Love and Death,* by the late Llewelyn Powys, shows that talented writer drawing on his memories to sustain his courage as death drew near.

April 10

◆ James Burnham, predicting the disappearance of capitalism within the next two decades, forecasts the shift of power not to socialism, but to government by managers, in an interesting and suggestive volume entitled *The Managerial Revolution.*

April 11

◆ The author of *Trumpets Calling* writes a novel of the Oklahoma border during the days when settlers there were awaiting the opening of the Cherokee strip. In *Across the Prairie* Dora Aydelotte mingles pioneer history with a story depicting the age-old struggle between the woman's desire for security and the man's zest for adventure. ◆ Winston Churchill in slippers and dressing gown finds portrayal in Phyllis Moir's *I Was Winston Churchill's Private Secretary,* a book which catches Britain's great war minister in his hours of ease as well as of work. ◆ Ivan T. Sanderson gives us more of the vivid nature lore, which has made his earlier books so popular, in *Living Treasure.* ◆ The appalling corruption and daring freebooters of the period of the Tweed Ring and of the Grant administration lend a lurid character to Denis Tilden Lynch's scholarly but highly readable study of *The Wild Seventies.*

April 14

◆ From early fur trader to lady parliamentarian the famous family walks through history in Harvey O'Connor's candid biography of *The Astors,* who appear in focus against the events and political affairs of their times. ◆ The most notable oratory of our day and the most eloquent expression of the war of Britain up to date find permanent harborage in a collection of Winston Churchill's speeches brought together in *Blood, Sweat and Tears.* A dramatic and vividly illuminating if partial history of England's plight and England's effort is contained in the addresses which are a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

◆ John Kendrick Bangs, humorist and journalist of the nineties whose *Houseboat on the Styx* once adorned all guest-room tables and whose friends included Richard Harding Davis, Mark Twain, and other literary lights of the last quarter of the last

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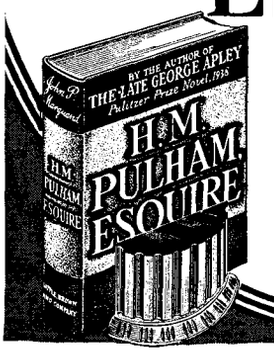

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LITTLE, BROWN

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century, in a biography by his son Francis H. Bangs, which bears his name, revisits the glimpses of the moon. ◆ Taking the actual course of events in invaded countries for his pattern, Robert Nathan in *They Went on Together* depicts a group of refugees in flight in some land whose locale is deliberately left vague. The principal characters of the tale are a girl and a lad separated from the latter's mother as they flee bombardment, and forced to shift for themselves.

April 15

◆ H. G. Wells in sportive mood, but with an undertone of earnestness, presents conversations between God and Mr. Noah Lummock as they plan a new Ark which is to be the refuge of the survivors of the present world disaster. Mr. Wells's tongue is in his cheek in *All Aboard for Ararat* but his pen is nimble as ever. ◆ G. B. Stern continues the reminiscences begun in *Monogram* in *Another Part of the Forest* which, like the first volume of the autobiography, rambles about in the author's past in haphazard fashion. ◆ Phyllis Bentley adds another to her solid series of Yorkshire tales with *Manhold* in which good characterization and good melodrama are given an added fillip by the introduction of historical characters.

April 16

◆ *Another Morning,* by Wessel Smitter, is a tale of Middle Westerners who desert the drab life they have led on the farm to win through to eventual semi-security in Alaska. ◆ The first translation in English of General Charles de Gaulle's *The Army of the Future* which, had its counsels prevailed, might have saved France from foreign domination. ◆ Garrett Mattingly in an excellent biography of *Catherine of Aragon* depicts Henry VIII's first wife as of greater political stature than the world in general has believed.

April 17

◆ One of England's most accomplished mystery story writers goes serious on her public with *Begin Here: a Statement of Faith,* by Dorothy Sayers. ◆ James Street, author of *Oh, Promised Land!,* pictures life on a Mississippi farm with sympathetic understanding in *In My Father's House.* ◆ The Sixth annual selection of *Saturday Evening Post* stories is published under the title *Post Stories of 1940.*

April 18

◆ For the layman who wishes to understand instead of merely to appear conversant with Marxian theory, John Kenneth Turner's analytical *Challenge to Karl Marx* offers food for study. ◆ The apothecary takes his place beside the doctor, the country editor, the educator, and others who have recently had their day in books in Robert B. Nixon, Jr.'s *Corner Druggist,* a compound of anecdote, description, and incident. ◆ Lesley Byrd Simpson furnishes information on the politics, history, and culture of our neighbor to the south in *Many Mexicos.* ◆ Excellent entertainment for the literate in Eleanor Farjeon's spoof of Victorian innocence, *Miss Granby's Secret, or The Bastard of Pinsk,* a novel within a novel that is a tour de force. ◆ *Tadpole Hall,* by Helen Ashton, a competently handled and interesting novel of wartime England. ◆ Emily Hahn, who herself has seen exciting days in China, writes of *The Soong Sisters,* the three famous women whose husbands were powers in Revolutionary China and who themselves have played a great part in building up the morale of the new China.

April 19

◆ The author of *All Quiet on the Western Front,* Erich Maria Remarque, writes a novel of the present war. *Flotsam* is a tale of the pitiful outcasts of the totalitarian states, refugees ejected from their homes and shuttled from pillar to post whose common miseries bring them into close understanding. ◆ Dr. Victor Heiser gives good advice on health and hygiene to our nation whose future welfare he believes will depend on its present physical efficiency in *Toughen Up, America!*

April 22

◆ Milton Waldman's *Rod of Iron* contains a literary portrait gallery of the absolute rulers of England in its studies of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, and Cromwell. ◆ Anyone who wants a counterblast to *Oliver Wiswell* will find it in Stanley Gray's *Half That Glory,* a tale of the American Revolution which throws its weight on the patriotic side.

April 24

◆ Adventures first published in the *New Yorker* as tales of the Graves family get the permanency of covers in Sally Benson's *Junior Miss,* which has been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club as part of a dual selection. ◆ James Wyman Barrett, last city editor of the *New York World,* writes the life of his chief in *Joseph Pulitzer and His World,* a book packed full of interesting personalities and anecdote. ◆ Jan Struther, whose *Mrs. Miniver* was a runaway success of last year, depicts England at war through the medium of letters from her countrywomen written to friends in America which she has collected in *Women of Britain.* ◆ A brief period in the life of a young and passionate radical serves Wallace Stegner as opportunity for an interesting psychological study in *Fire and Ice.*

April 28

◆ Russell Owen, one time associate of Byrd on an Antarctic expedition, writes the history of South Polar exploration in *The Antarctic Ocean.* ◆ The best of the Rivers of America series, though we boast of our own editor in saying it, is Henry Seidel Canby's *The Brandywine.* ◆ A military expert talks of war past, present, and future in Hanson W. Baldwin's *United We Stand: Defense of the Americas.*

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a book of instant sensitive responsiveness, recreates its scenes with acuteness and beauty. It has the distinction and personal appeal of an entirely unforced chronicle from a little American town and a loved American countryside. There is a haunting beauty in these journal entries as the seasons move across the Wisconsin scene . . . touches almost like Giono. It glows with mellowness that can only come from the genuineness of effortless sympathy."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Wood engravings by Frank Utpatel, and endpaper map. At all bookstores. $3.00

VILLAGE YEAR A Sac Prairie Journal

by August Derleth

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COWARD-McCANN

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◆ Norman Thomas looks at his America in *We Have a Future.* ◆ In *Marian Anderson: A Portrait* Kasti Vehanen surveys the life of the Negro singer who has been the sensation of American music halls in the last few years.

April 29

◆ The frontier again, this time the fruit bearing section of Washington state, under Allis McKay's handling in *They Came to a River* affords opportunity for a long, honest and far less grim than usual chronicle novel.

April 30

◆ A good novelist, who is also a good student of American history, writes a good tale of Westchester County during the Revolution in *The Neutral Ground.* Frank Hough's third novel with the Revolution for background is his best.

May 1

◆ Eugene Lyons reveals the story of communist activities in America in *The Incredible Revolution.*

May 2

◆ Bernice Kelly Harris depicts social life among the upper class in a small North Carolina town in *Portulacca.* ◆ The Literary Guild and the Crime Club have both bestowed their accolade on Manning Coles's *A Toast for Tomorrow,* a story of a British secret service man in the World War who loses his memory and recovers it years later to find himself Hitler's Chief of Police.

May 5

◆ Our own Elizabeth Kingsley brings out *Double Crostics No. 10.* ◆ The War of 1812 comes into fiction with Ralph Beebe's lively tale *Who Fought and Bled.* ◆ William L. Shirer, C.B.S. correspondent in Germany, pictures that country as it appeared to an insider during the last seven years in *This Is Germany.*

May 7

◆ Jacques Barzun sets lance in rest against *Darwin, Marx, Wagner* as founders of the materialistic philosophy which has plunged the world into catastrophe. ◆ Julian Green attempts to symbolize something in *Then Shall the Dust Return,* a novel so abstruse in its allegory as to defy description.

May 8

◆ Pearl Buck will doubtless raise a hornet's nest with her comment on American women contained in *Of Men and Women.*

May 9

◆ One of the most astute observers and highly informed of commentators on foreign affairs, Louis Fischer, presents fascinating material on recent years in *Men and Politics.* ◆ Harnett T. Kane writes a factual and gossipy history in *Louisiana Hayride* of Louisiana and its affairs from Huey Long to his associates who are now serving their state in prison.

May 20

◆ *The House I knew,* by Elizabeth M. Neilson, in the course of its recollections by the wife of the president of one of our women's colleges, paints a charming picture of old Germany.

May 25

◆ William Faulkner's brother, John, enters the lists with a novel entitled *Men Working.*

June or Indefinite

◆ *The Road of a Naturalist,* by Donald Culross Peattie, speaks for itself in an extract in this issue of *The Saturday Review.* ◆ Thomas Mann breaks into his Joseph series with *The Transposed Heads,* a novelette based on a Sanskrit legend. ◆ In *The Dust Which Is God* William Rose Benét writes in the form of an autobiographical novel one of the major poems of our time. ◆ *Darkness at Night,* a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, by Arthur Koestler, is a psychological novel of Russia of Dostoievskian character.

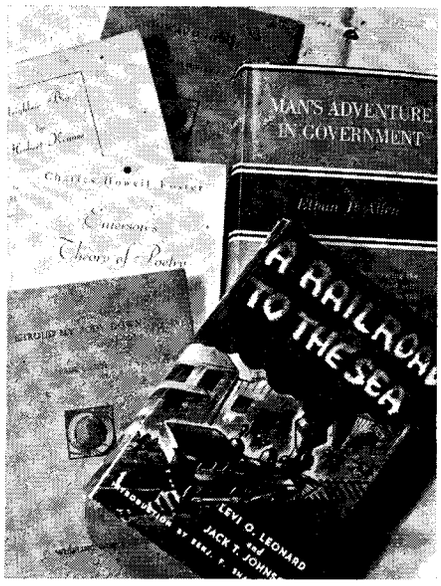
"HANDS OFF"

(*Continued from page* 5)

against them, as it was. The Latin Americans, after much growling, have slowly acquired more respect for it than they would ever admit. The American public, thanks to the Doctrine, began to give thought to its hemisphere policy, although it has taken them about a century to really think seriously about Latin America.

Of course, the Doctrine has taken on strange accretions. Theodore Roosevelt could excuse any excursion into Caribbean waters on the theory that the Doctrine compelled us to chastise all guilty of habitual wrong doing; Woodrow Wilson seemed to mix the doctrine with some Calvinistic compulsion which would teach the Latin Americans "to elect good presidents."

The resentments engendered by the Doctrine were numerous and explicable. "We cannot and will not allow ourselves to be shut out from the only portion of the globe still left to us"—Mr. Perkins quotes a German academician of 1900. Mr. Hitler has been saying the same sort of thing of recent years, if Hermann Rauschning is to be believed. There is the point of the Monroe Doctrine in this year of grace, the more than faint suspicion that German lines are laid in Brazil and Argentina and in almost every land south of us. "And how will you enforce it?" asked Bismarck. That is a question whose answer will have to wait. But Mr. Perkins's book will tell you how we got the way we are, why we are still saying to Europe—and to Asia—Hands Off.



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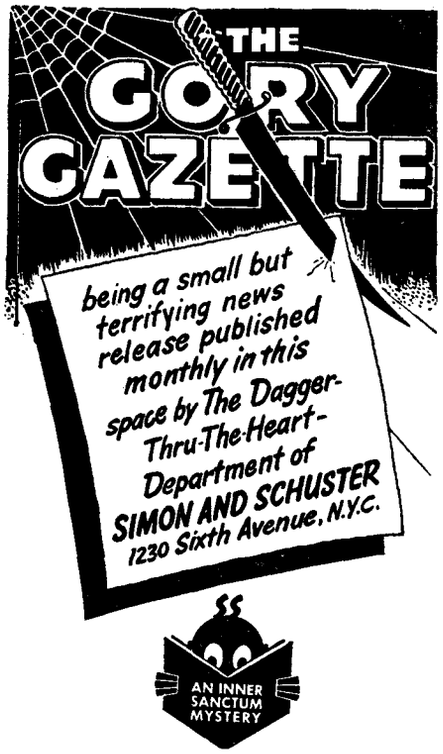
THE
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GAZETTE
being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of SIMON AND SCHUSTER 1230 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C.
AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY

EXTRA EDITION!

For a long time now *The Gory Gazette* has had one item of Unfinished Business: *to find a name for the trademark which* appears at the top of this column and on the jacket of every Inner Sanctum Mystery.

We were brooding about this one day when the Contest Editor wandered into our office. He had just finished reading *The Right Murder* by Craig Rice and was still slightly drunk with power. "Let's run a contest," he rashly suggested.

So, *The Gory Gazette* is herewith running a contest.

It's a cinch. All you have to do is fill in the coupon below with your suggestion for a good name for the Inner Sanctum Mystery trademark. No box tops, no old cigarette stubs, not even a facsimile. We have to admit that we'd *like* you to answer the questions about *The Gory Gazette* that appear on the coupon. But playing fair with readers is our inflexible rule, so we must state at once that these questions do not in any way affect the prizes.

Of course, prizes! What's a contest without prizes? First prize for the best name submitted is $25. And copies of the latest Inner Sanctum Mystery will be sent to the ten runners-up. Contest closes April 30th. Extra entry blanks may be had from Inner Sanctum Mysteries. Simon and Schuster, 1230 Sixth Avenue, New York.

INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY TRADEMARK CONTEST

Here's my suggestion for your trademark name:

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1. I read The Gory Gazette regularly ☐ irregularly ☐
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S. R.

Spring Comes to Life with Death

JUDGE LYNCH

YOU know how unreliable rigor mortis is. Same like these statistics (good old Philo). Or maybe it should be these statistics same like. Added up with the heat on and the windows closed there's one total. Computed with the heat off there's another. With the windows wide and the first vernal odors of symplocarpus foetidus drifting in from the lovely green scummed marsh where some dark night there will be interred the Ghastly Eleven, yet another figure clicks off the abacus with the red beads that turned snowy white the night Fu Manchu was put through a meat-grinder and Sax Rohmer wrote Chap. 1 at the head of a clean sheet of paper.

But, for the record, such as it may be, there were thirty-one mystery stories published in January of this year, twenty-two in February, and twenty-seven in March. Not including the Ghastly Eleven. Those we are saving for the Greek calends if these nerveless fingers are able to turn another page of them by that time. Name them? Certainly not. Ye editor and the Sitwells *(cf. SRL, March 29, 1941)* would be on our neck instanter. Eighty mystery stories so far this year. Four more than in the corresponding period of 1940—and just four more steps nearer the saturation point. . . .

Gah! One more mystery in which one guy calls another one "chum" and mayhem will be listed as a justifiable act.

The seasonal slack, however, appears to be setting in. More or less accurate advices from reliable sources indicate that there will be fourteen crime novels published in April. Last April there were seventeen.

The War has caught up with the detective story writers—or vice versa. Very few of the 1940 vintage, either

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THIS WAY OUT *James Ronald* (Lippincott: $2.)	Glimpse of happiness finally upsets moral equilibrium of long-suffering English husband, who rids world of 2 excrescences, completely baffling cops.	Inexorably tragic and extremely moving story of double murderer who was an honorable man when final test came.	Very well done
SOME MUST WATCH *Ethel Lina White* (Harpers: $2.)	Young "lady help" in lonely English country house filled with neurasthenics is stalked by quintuple girl-slayer in search of next victim.	Author of "The Wheel Spins" (Lady Vanishes) stands reader's hair on end to last word of 319 horrific pages.	Not for the nervous
IT TAKES A THIEF *Dan Billany* (Harpers: $2.)	English sleuth with clouded rep. gains kudos and pelf by scattering bloodthirsty mole on hunt for cleverly concealed loot.	Goriest item of year so far, with criminals who stop at nothing, numerous epic combats, plausible detective, and exceptionally good finish.	Eminent
PRAY FOR A MIRACLE *Alan Amos* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	American flyer invades Guatemalan jungle to avenge murdered pal, thwart anti-U. S. plotters, and bring slayer of 3 to book.	Intrigue-infested Latin American towns and fastnesses mixed with Mayan treasure legend in slightly sketchy but sufficiently exciting proportions.	Readable
CURTAINS FOR THE COPPER *Thomas Polsky* (Dutton: $2.)	Shooting of harness bull in midst of elaborately staged gambling-den raid starts mind of crime reporter Griddle whirling rapidly.	Ubiquitous, brash, and believable reporter and memo-writing co-worker supply plenty of action and zestful talk to peppery puzzle.	Full marks

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English or American, had the War or any recognizable facsimile thereof, as either theme or obligato. But espionage, Fifth Column activities, and sabotage are beginning to get into the picture.

Curiously enough, the best spy story of the new season has a First World War setting. It is "Drink to Yesterday" by Manning Coles, and deserves a special niche of its own. Which it seems to be getting, by the way. Eleven other volumes had, in some way or other, to do with the present conflict, although only one of them depicted any part of the actual combat—"Eleven Were Brave" by Francis Beeding. The best stories up to April 1st in which some manifestation of the War plays its part are (English) "Traitors Purse" by Margery Allingham and the melodramatic but rememberable "Odor of Violets" by Baynard Kendrick. It remains to be seen whether or not other sleuths as famous as Mr. Campion, the blind Capt. Maclain and Hercule Poirot get out of mental mufti. What's Maigret doing?

When two current mystery stories make use of the same pay-off line from the same unfumigated stag story it may mean either a coincidence or doubling in brass.

In quality the early 1941 line is about even with last year. About 20 per cent of the total is really good stuff—most of it by old hands at the game. Newcomer honors, it appears, may be shared between Selwyn Jepson ("Keep Murder Quiet") who is no novelty to English thriller lists, however; and Dan Billany ("It Takes A Thief"). There have been some better-than-average yarns by American first-timers but few that merit special mention, unless they be—on the tough side—"Odds on the Hot Seat" by Judson Philips. And in the gay-but-grisly manner Mary Collins's "The Fog Comes." The game so far is pretty much in the hands of the "professionals." Perhaps that's one thing that's wrong with it. On the other hand when one dips, with a shudder, into any one of the Ghastly Eleven one realizes that the practiced hands, tho a little tired at times, are much the more dexterous.

Eighteen out of the current year's product are woman's work. A little more than five per cent. Not so bad. Twenty-four come from English pens, almost one-third of the total—including many of the notable titles of the season. Maigret alone flies the tricolor. From the viewpoint of style, originality, and invention there is little to report. But there's plenty of room for all three.

"DIPLOMAT BETWEEN WARS"

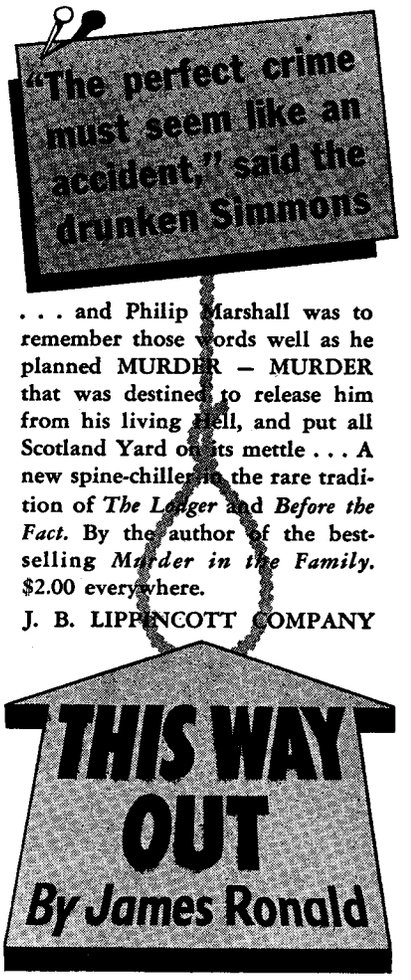
(*Continued from page* 8)

by going to war when they feel their toes trod upon, which practically forever insures that world in arms we were supposed to be doing away with after our saving of democracy in 1918. Nothing has made for stupid and for brutal diplomacy more than the knowledge in the back of every diplomat's brain that if he loses his case on its merits there are always the navy and army to fall back upon.

After ten years of intimate association with the League of Nations, Mr. Wilson answers the absurd contention that, if the United States had stayed in the League and helped to lead it, all would have been well in the world and the League would be functioning "effectively and efficiently," by saying that on the whole he feels that it was better for Europe and ourselves that we stayed out.

But such a suggestion would have seemed too sharp, I believe, for Mr. Wilson. Being still a diplomat he all but restricts his comments upon people he met or worked with to those he can praise. That weakens the book and makes it far less interesting and valuable than Ambassador Dodd's outspoken and superbly indiscreet diary with its hot, refreshing indignation. Thus he speaks rather well of Goebbels, and his praise of Anthony Eden would not be echoed, I believe, by most observers of that handsome but weak gentleman. Nor does he adequately assay the Second Internationale's meeting in Berne in 1919 which he and I both attended. His greatest hero is Charles E. Hughes. Secretary Kellogg, he admits, had a tremendous ability to storm, swear, rage when anything went wrong. For President Wilson he has high praise, too. An amusing misprint makes the author say: "The world will never be *quiet* the same as it was before the speeches of Woodrow Wilson." No one can quarrel with the truth of that!

Indeed, the book shows us evidences of a deep concern with the rights and aspirations of the mass of the peoples who are bled to death in wars when not lead by the nose by the politicians. I have no doubt that many of his reports that are printed in the Foreign Relations documents will show that he did study labor movements. But this volume is the record of men who dealt with the great game of diplomacy and enjoyed it and its flesh-pots



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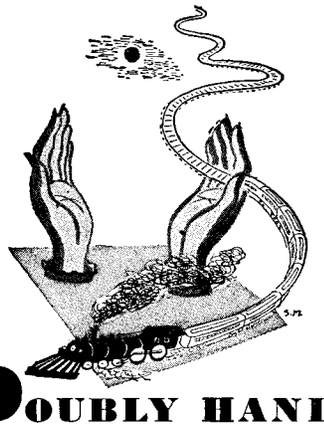

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immensely, and was not moved to delve too deep. Nonetheless, the book is a substantial contribution to the history of the between-wars period by a competent and honest observer. As such it is bound to be a source-book for future historians of the last years before the Great Crash.

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by ALBERTA PIERSON HANNUM

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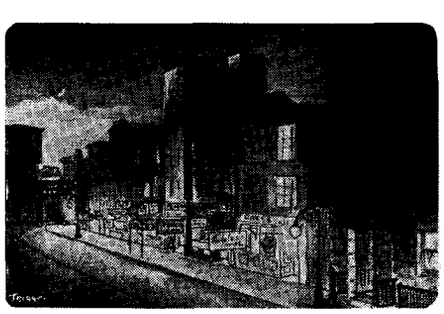

"THIS novel has sensitivity of color and touch, has sure power, has deep intuitive insight, has a pristine and almost barbaric wisdom, has—rarest of all—real aesthetic form. Its publication means the arrival of a new talent which, if it matures according to its potentials, will make Jule Brousseau an important name in the American Novel." —*Waldo Frank*

Episode on West 8th Street

By JULE BROUSSEAU

SMITH & DURRELL, INC., NEW YORK $2.50

THE BUSINESS OF NATURE WRITING

(*Continued from page 4*)

believes it, at bottom, for even those who decry it and deny it live practically by it daily and count unconsciously upon it. And anything that science begins to doubt has begun to die. The people will it so. The people today believe; they now accept the findings of science. There are those who still rouse the rabbles of superstition and prejudice, but here in America these do not prevail, for we are the people who say, "So what?" and "Show me!"

And nowadays even a Nature writer has to remember that old city-room story about the famous newspaper editor who gave but one piece of advice: "Be interesting, and be damned quick about it." Scientists may go slowly; they must go slowly, making their tests over and over, reserving conclusions till these are water-tight. But their interpreters must be wide awake, and wake up the rest about these matters. For, after all, the purpose of science is knowledge, and every one has the right to know. What science has discovered is common property, and should be made easily available to all. This is not always remembered by a great many scientific writers who have never spoken outside of classrooms where attendance and attention are compulsory, never written a book which they could not order their students to buy. If the scientists practising inside the college close are not always and widely understood, they may not be always and widely supported. They take that support for granted, along with their intellectual liberties. They had better look across the seas and ask themselves just how secure they are?

To be secure, our scientists must be so understood and admired that the whole people will allow no one to molest a hair of their heads. I am not saying that all academic wise men should try to popularize their works; I am saying that these works should be as widely popularized as possible by those equipped to do so. Sometimes these are the wise men themselves, like Haldane and Julian Huxley, Wells, Beebe, Hogben, Jeans and Paul Sears. Nobody knows as well as they what they are talking about. And these men are all interesting, and damned quick about it.

Yet there is no one who strolls so much as your man of the natural sciences. It is sometimes the fastest way for him to get where he is going.

And that is down the same road which the realistic philosopher takes, and the cleric too, who prefers fresh air to incense. More and more people

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keep turning into this path of thought, looking for what they may believe in.

Any faith that is to support mankind today has to be strong enough to stand proofs gruelling as those a test pilot gives a plane. We will not put our trust in any method that will not demonstrably work. What is the force, the discipline, the brotherhood bound by vows to the pursuit of incorruptible truth, which proves every step, is forever returning to verify, will abandon any cherished tenet the moment it is not completely convincing? What is it that works all the modern miracles, has put the practicality into compassion for suffering, has unchained men from their superstitions, has endured persecution and martyrdom, and still knows no fear?

I am not proposing science as a new religion. It is not worthy of that yet. It has not yet assumed the responsibility for man's soul and conduct that a true religion must assume. Possibly sound science is by its very nature delimited from such an undertaking. Or perhaps science has not yet found the courage to become admittedly a moral force. I only point to science as a method, a way of thought on which all men can well agree. For it sheds a light of clarity and certainty. By it, beyond it, we may, I hope, behold the faith which we all need as we need our daily bread.

For not many of us, in this modern day, are still believing that the world is a pattern all beautiful, and that its seeming imperfections are only the flaws in our vision. We cannot say that either among the stars or in the affairs of men are events directed with justice unless we call that justice inscrutable. But thinking men of this generation will not accept even a God they may not scrutinize. This may be the gift of modernity to the world—the reconciliation of science and religion.

For superstitious ages they were considered enemies. Men were afraid to find out; they tortured Galileo and Bruno; they cursed Darwin. But the faith of science is so profound that it is not afraid of anything it may discover.

And its discoveries have served to strengthen the religious faith of men who love the truth. Ideas that struck at first as destructive have but cleared the way to viewpoints more splendid. Knowing life better, a man will worship life more. The surest, serenest men I have ever met are the biologists, the astronomers, and physicists who have looked most deeply. Of all men, those absorbed in scrutiny of it are the most loyal to life.

What is it, this life, this relentless cataract that dashes an instant into human form, sparkling and fresh and, fated, seeps away through all the pores and cracks of mortality? The thoughtful have been trying for centuries to discover its nature. They seek its origins, aware that the origin may well be the same as the force itself.

The seeking brain of man has not been bettered since great minds functioned in the old Greek stoa, but it is better equipped today than ever before. The method of experiment is new, the tools and processes of science are new and growing. The whole world is a common field of research. Life is under the lens. And the great cannon-shape of the telescope is swung upon space. They have pushed their search, the scientists, beyond the world.

For as they try to see life from every side, so they attempt to outline its boundaries by a careful scrutiny, too, of that which is not life. They find that not-life is almost everywhere. There is not life in the sun, nor in the three jewels studding Orion's belt. There is not life only three miles overhead, and not life even one mile down in the earth. Swiftly frozen, instantly consumed in the fires, life is spread out in a thin, thin film on this minute and temperate planet.

Here we must live it, a giant task in common which men struggle to master. The desperate instinctively look to the sky, to the stars, in query. And the Nature writer, as reporter in the battle, today has this to say: that life itself is not separate from the matter of the universe. Cosmos was its womb. The earth was wrenched out of the sun. From that birth were derived the elements of which all that inhabits the earth is made, some ninety-six primary elements which are the alphabet of this planet. And when the spectroscope is turned upon the stars to find what they are made of, it cannot discover any element beyond the ninety-six which are the stuff of ourselves and our planet home. The whole of Nature is made of one matter, from Aldebaran, its light, to Zoë, her young body. At the nuclear core of each molecule of her blood is an atom of that same iron which, simon pure, comes hurtling down in meteoric stone, out of the depths and the heights. More, every atom has a structure like that of the planetary system with its central sun. So that the structure of the elemental units of matter, the very pattern and force of that unit, are kin to the revolution of our solar system. And if there is no proof, there is also no reason to doubt that in the island universes runs the writ of comparable law.

Yet vain, utterly vain, to cry to the stars for help, when the battle goes against us! The human race, however, has never given up the fight, even when the enemy seemed to be winning. In any war, when the soldiers sicken at heart and desert their posts, it is because a rumor is running that the supreme command is gone.

If by "supreme command" I may express an order in Nature that a man can understand and revere, then that command, that order has always been there. In fact, it is Nature itself, revealed by science.

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				1 - M	2 - C	3 - Q	4 - T		5 - S	6 - J	7 - K	8 - H	9 - O	10 - C	11 - X	
12 - N	13 - W	14 - K	15 - I	16 - U	17 - P		18 - F	19 - I		20 - X	21 - U	22 - K	23 - B	24 - S	25 - P	26 - Y
27 - M		28 - R	29 - V		30 - S	31 - N	32 - C	33 - L	34 - I	35 - X	36 - D	37 - O		38 - R	39 - Z	40 - V
	41 - H	42 - W	43 - I	44 - V	45 - B		46 - M	47 - H	48 - N	49 - J	50 - Z		51 - M	52 - Z	53 - Y	54 - T
	55 - V	56 - W		57 - R	58 - V	59 - T	60 - L		61 - D	62 - E	63 - G		64 - S	65 - I	66 - W	67 - L
68 - P	69 - O	70 - N	71 - Q	72 - Y	73 - K	74 - X		75 - A	76 - G	77 - F		78 - Z	79 - U	80 - A	81 - C	
82 - M	83 - H	84 - W	85 - Z	86 - L	87 - J		88 - R	89 - G	90 - P		91 - Z	92 - W	93 - Y	94 - V		95 - Q
	96 - J	97 - T	98 - Z	99 - I		100 - E	101 - F		102 - J	103 - K	104 - G	105 - C	106 - L		107 - V	
108 - K	109 - U	110 - M	111 - O	112 - C		113 - E	114 - G		115 - B	116 - U		117 - A		118 - O	119 - J	120 - S
121 - M	122 - R	123 - Q		124 - E	125 - X	126 - M	127 - K	128 - P	129 - Q	130 - G	131 - L		132 - Q	133 - J		134 - X
135 - W	136 - G	137 - S	138 - H	139 - V	140 - Z	141 - I	142 - R	143 - J	144 - F	145 - E		146 - D	147 - A	148 - L	149 - Q	
150 - H	151 - X	152 - V	153 - E	154 - K	155 - F	156 - G		157 - J	158 - B	159 - P	160 - C	161 - Z	162 - W		163 - I	164 - T
165 - P	166 - A	167 - J	168 - F	169 - D		170 - Q	171 - R		172 - N	173 - A	174 - O	175 - Y	176 - S	177 - H	178 - P	179 - T
	180 - A	181 - U		182 - G	183 - N	184 - B	185 - P	186 - X	187 - U	188 - Y	189 - W	190 - H	191 - C			

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 26 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Wayfarers.

B. Tragedy by Samuel Johnson (produced by Garrick).

C. Grasps avidly.

D. American sculptor (1860-1936).

E. One of a sect of Gnostics who revered the divine symbol of the snake.

F. Stringed progenitors of the viol class.

G. Throb of feeling.

H. Illegal.

I. Best known opera of Granados.

J. Generous, munificent.

K. Denial of objective grounds for moral principles.

L. Single, simple.

M. Consummately executed.

N. Novel by George Eliot.

O. Mother to King John (Shakespeare).

P. Represent as the devil.

Q. Human beings.

R. Lowing, bellowing.

S. Brings to pass.

T. City in N. Y. on Lake Ontario.

U. American tragedian (1806-72).

V. Pertaining to small protuberances over upper surface of the tongue.

W. Denunciations of a thing as accursed.

X. Harvestings.

Y. Addicted to ridicule expressing opposite of intended meaning.

Z. Awkward, unsteady gait.

WORDS

A.	173	166	117	75	180	147	80			
B.	115	184	158	23	45					
C.	10	32	160	81	105	2	112	191		
D.	61	36	146	169						
E.	100	124	62	113	153	145				
F.	101	155	18	77	144	168				
G.	76	63	89	156	114	182	130	104	136	
H.	47	190	138	150	41	8	83	177		
I.	141	43	19	99	34	65	163	15		
J.	133	102	119	167	96	49	143	157	87	6
K.	73	7	154	14	103	22	108	127		
L.	148	60	106	67	33	86	131			
M.	1	82	110	51	126	121	27	46		
N.	12	31	48	172	70	183				
O.	174	37	9	111	69	118				
P.	17	128	165	185	178	159	25	68	90	
Q.	170	71	95	149	3	132	123	129		
R.	88	57	122	28	142	171	38			
S.	5	120	176	137	30	24	64			
T.	59	4	179	54	164	97				
U.	181	79	21	187	16	116	109			
V.	58	107	94	55	44	139	152	29	40	
W.	189	135	13	92	42	162	84	66	56	
X.	125	11	186	20	134	151	74	35		
Y.	188	175	93	26	72	53				
Z.	91	39	52	78	85	98	140	50	161	

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THE Walt Whitman Chamber of Commerce, compiling bureau in Long Island, reckons that allusions to Walt in the hodiernal and hebdomadal press are this year 3.14159 per cent ahead of the same period last year. This is one of the statistics arrived at by Jesse Merritt, the official Historian of Nassau County, New York, who has recently published two small and interesting professional brochures. These are *Walt Whitman's Paumanok* (250 copies) and *The Historical Importance of Nassau County.* ☞Among Mr. Merritt's interesting marginalia is the recollection that Downing Street in London is named for Sir George Downing who graduated from Harvard in 1642 (the first graduating class). The Downing family has many representatives on Long Island, and in Sea Cliff there is a Downing Street where M. Lincoln Schuster used to live. ☞Mr. Schuster's number, we believe was 4; he tried hard, but without success, to get the local selectmen to change his number to 10. ☞Those who are interested in the rich vein of eccentricity exhibited by Long Island natives will find Mr. Merritt's books amiable colloquia. They are published by himself at the "Turf and Twig," Farmingdale, L. I., and as every reader of Stubbs's Constitutional documents will remember, Turf and Twig is a symbol of the feudal seizin of land.

★ ★

☞Last week there was the *Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature;* another type of bibliography is coming out soon and it is the sort of work we're most interested in. It is not in the strictest sense a bibliography but an Appleton-Century publication, *Murder for Profits,* by Howard Haycraft, the first full length historical and critical study of the detective story to appear in this country. ☞The book will be illustrated and will include as special features a "Who's Who in Detection," listing more than 1,000 detectives and detective-story characters throughout the years, and the most complete bibliography to date of writings about detective stories. The publishers point out that the book is being published in the Centennial Year of the detective story, the first, "Poe's Murders in the Morgue," having been published in *Graham's Magazine* in 1841.

★ ★

☞John Weld, who just authored *The Pardners,* is having lots of fun in California. From the front of his new home, which is situated on the bed rock of a cliff overlooking the Pacific, he reports the Lock Ness sea monster is now inhabiting the Pacific Ocean. Apparently the famous Loch Ness, whose last appearance was reported off the coast of Scotland, has departed from those dangerous shores to a haven of serenity. Mr. Weld swears he saw the monster and assures Scribners, "I hadn't been imbibing. It had green eyes and catlike ears. It swam along with its head out of water and its neck arched like a swan's. I tried to interest some other persons in it, but they were indifferent. That's California for you."

★ ★

☞Another "sea monster"—the electric eel which inhabits the mouth of the Amazon—was encountered by Shelby Shackelford, author of *Electric Eel Calling,* which Scribners will publish April 7. Miss Shackelford is an artist who accompanied her husband, Richard Cox, the noted biologist, on a journey to Brazil to conduct various experiments on that amazing biological phenomenon—the electric eel. ☞John Kendrick Bangs, editor, lecturer, and author of dozens of books and countless magazine pieces—often under pseudonyms—which set the tone of American humor in the "gay nineties," is the subject of a biography which Knopf announces for publication on April 14. Its author is Francis Hyde Bangs, J. B. K.'s son, who is head of the English department at Avon Old Farms. John Kendrick Bang's career was one of meteoric success, for he began to establish his reputation while still a Columbia undergraduate, both as a contributor to and editor of "Acta Columbiana," and as a regular writer for *Life* when that old humor publication did not go in for pages of photographs. At one time he conducted various departments as an editor of *Puck.*

★ ★

☞The life of a roving reporter and author are hectic these days. Take Ben Robertson, *PM's* London correspondent. Returning to England after a brief rest in the United States, Robertson ran smack into a terrific bombing of Plymouth a few days back, when at the behest of Lady Astor was urged to visit this famous seaport. At first, they merely watched the bombs falling and the flares in the sky; then a large bomb exploded near the place they were staying, breaking all windows, but injuring nobody. Later incendiary bombs were dropped, and several of them landed on the roof. But all this seems to be an old story to Ben, for he had been caught in more than 500 air attacks in the period between last June and December. Practically all of these experiences are graphically described in his book *I Saw England.*

★ ★

☞Christopher Morley is retiring as Contributing Editor of the *SRL* in order to devote himself to other writings. Now that he is leaving, his (and ours) favorite byline will no longer appear in this magazine. For those readers who haven't yet guessed it, Christopher Morley was P. E. G. Quercus. Though he will no longer write a weekly column, Mr. Morley will contribute from time to time.

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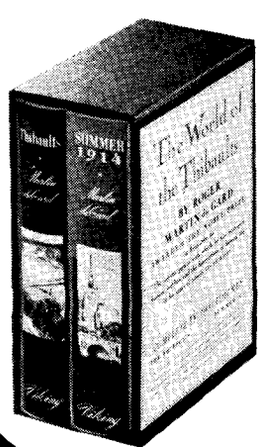

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